SEP

1899-11-18

PAGE MISSING

PAGE 393

SEP

1899-11-18

PAGE MISSING

PAGE 394

scrutiny of our prejudices and interests, of our religion and our skepticism. We can judge something of the value of conservatism by considering its strength. The ship is made stout with massive timbers, braced with knees and transoms, transfixed with bolts, and bound together with tough cordage, because it must endure the buffeting of angry seas. Conservatism is strong because it has to keep in order a race angrier and more fitful than the stormiest sea. Conservatism is of the very fibre of mankind. It is a force so tenacious that its monuments of resistance long survive its power. Statutes record some of its struggles and stand unrepealed and unrepealable long after men have got by them and long after everybody knows that men have got by them. The conservative tyranny of statutes is great, but it is only a whisper to the roar of Niagara when compared with the tyranny of public opinion. "Within certain restrictions," says Carlyle, "it is permitted a man to wear white waistcoats." Woe to him if he forgets the restrictions! There is a subtle power, comparable only to the silent pervasiveness of miasma, which lays repressive hand on any man who leaves the settled use and wont of his kind which stifles him into submission or death. "Human stupidity," said the wise ancients, meaning human conservatism, "is a match for the very gods." As long as we move in the ruts we never notice it. But he has noticed it with tears of rage and humiliation who has led a revolt against the popular politics or the popular morals. When Theodore Parker died, the consummate flower of New England manhood fell under the strokes of men already forgotten.

WHY CONSERVATISM IS SO STRONG

The question which next presents itself is, Why is this power so strong? God never wastes. Conservatism, forcing as it does the truth to long and weary waiting, crushing out noble aspirations and noble men, must be thus overcharged for the preservation of the race. And history is not wanting to justify the conclusion. Men do work best under heavy harness and with blinders. It would be hard, perhaps, to say that man was only a veneered brute, and I am not going to say so for prudential reasons, if for no other; but there is an extent and depth of savagery yet in him which needs all the pressure of habit and public opinion to keep it under. It is not necessary, in order to illustrate this, to go to the scenes desolated by Bashi-Bazouks and Cossacks and Chinese. We can find the tendencies, or rather the possibilities, of mankind nearer home. When California, in 1849, was thronged with the scions of our best families and with honest laborers as well as rogues and roughs, no settled public opinion held men to their place, and brutality and savagery were rampant. The man who had a private graveyard started took the same relative rank there which the respectable and portly citizen did in the States. Murder was an amusement and gambling a fine art. Many a reputable father of a family who went to California in those early days and returned has never confided to his nearest friends what manner of man he was there. Great upheavals in politics and religion have often, perhaps always, been attended by such phenomena. An example can be found in the French Revolution. There for a short time a whole people threw off the thraldom, not only of the past but of the present. Use and wont were despised. The more extravagant the theory the wilder the applause. The man who broke two Commandments outranked the man who broke but one. What followed? Surely the most remarkable scene that ever the astonished stars looked upon! Men forgot their honor, women their chastity and priests their religion. The man whose tender heart and conscientious conviction would not permit him, as judge, to sentence a murderer to death, himself rioted in murder. The land was filled with the abodes of cruelty. Anarchy sat enthroned. Reverence and religion had perished from the land. The depths of the brutality, of the licentiousness, of the wanton cruelty, of the capacity for murder and crime which were latent in civilized man were then revealed to a world which has never ceased shuddering at the spectacle. Of course no attempt is here made to characterize the great uprising as a whole, but only such parts as suit the present purpose. That example of tumult, disorder and anarchy, while in the long history of cause and effect it may have worked for good, is nevertheless a warning proof that while conservatism retards truth and progress it also saves mankind from a thousand errors and follies and crimes, and perhaps from suicide itself. It is also a warning proof that conservatism too long persisted in may itself cause the most violent excess.

To conclude, perhaps the moral of what has been written may be this: that our great progress, our great discoveries have in their history what may lead to self-abasement as well as pride. If they are great they have come slowly. If they are prevalent it is only after long fighting. Nor does it detract anything from our just chagrin to find that we are so short-sighted and so limited that no other progress is possible. And yet the progress though slow is sure. If time is needed, time is given. The ungrudged ages of the past are the promise of the ages of the future. And when we dream of the future of our race we may be well assured that the great river of humanity, like the great river of this continent, though rough and turbid in its earlier and middle flow, though wandering far from its course, overflowing into marshy lagoons and stagnant swamps, and in its lower stages wrecking by snags and bars the hopeful ventures of men, yet at last, grown strong and great by the tributary flow of knowledge from all lands, will pour forever, brimming bright and large by banks rich with the verdure of the cotton and the cane, by happy homes and populous cities.

ROBERT CHAMBERS in one of his excellent essays tells of an old tailor in an inland town of Scotland who had gone out of fashion there, and who was asked one day by the aged and old-fashioned clergyman of whose church he was an officer how it happened that the congregation was thinning out so rapidly.

"Don't you know," replied the knight of the shears, "that half the parish go over the hill to hear the new preacher, young Perly o' Ginglekirk?"

"Oh, yes," said the minister, "but I can't understand what the people see in that young man that is more than ordinary."

"Neither can I," quoth the tailor, "and I would say the same thing o' that young chield that has ta'en my trade over my head. But it's just the new cut, sir; it's just the new cut."

The "new cut" that had robbed Snip of his customers was a smarter and more stylish fashion of attire, which a youthful rival had introduced to the burgh. In the old tailor's young days little attention had been given to the fit of garments, and still less to the niceties of shape. Provided a coat, waistcoat or pair of trousers were strongly put together with good honest thread, it mattered little that the garments were somewhat awry—one of them baggy, another tight and pinching. But these golden days could not last forever. Suddenly a change came over the sartorial art. A bright, enterprising young man, who had practiced his craft in the capital, introduced "the new cut" into the little burgh. He studied the figures of his customers, and gave an individuality to their garments wholly unknown before. Under the magic of his shears many commonplace-looking men were transformed, if not into Apollos or Adonises, into fit representatives of "the human form divine."

Nothing could be more contemptuous, at first, than the treatment by the old tailors of the new system. They were never tired of scoffing at the showy colored prints of gentlemen with jimp waists, and ladies in riding habits, which their youthful rival boasted that he got monthly from London, to keep abreast with the march of metropolitan fashion. They had the laugh all on their side, but the rival got all the best custom. In spite of their sarcasms, "the new cut" won more and more favor. In vain did the veterans shake their heads, and prognosticate the speedy failure of the innovator. His business steadily increased, while the croakers one after another were starved out, and went to their graves, each, it is said, bearing the figure of a broad-skirted Queen Anne coat on his heart, like a crest patched upon a hammercloth.

The history of "the new cut" in the Scottish burgh is its history in every sphere of professional labor. Everywhere its introduction produces similar results. As an old dog hates to learn new tricks, so men in the various callings of life cling obstinately to the old, antiquated ways of doing business long after they have been superseded among young, quick-witted and enterprising practitioners by better methods. But nothing can be more unwise, more fatal than this policy to self-improvement and to self-advancement. The world is continually changing, and with it change the modes of doing its work; and the first law of success in any calling is that the practitioner should have "the new cut." He must keep abreast with the times; he must break away from the conservative chain-drags and clog-wheels of the world, and move with the locomotive. He must get out of the stage-coach, and travel by the "lightning express," or he will be left behind in the race of life.

There is "a new cut" in all kinds of business. The railroad and the ocean steamship, the telegraph and the telephone, have revolutionized the old methods of doing business, and killed some, while others have sprung up unknown a generation ago. Commission merchants, once so numerous, find their occupation gone. The country trader, instead of keeping on hand large stocks of goods, buys the various articles he sells by telegraph as he wants them—thus requiring less capital, and avoiding the accumulation of goods that are out of style, or that have fallen in price. Great monopolies are forming—"trusts," which aim to control the prices of articles by controlling their manufacture, or buying up the entire product. By the reduction of expenses thus effected, thousands of clerks, commercial travelers and other employees are thrown out of employment, and the salaries reduced of those retained. Another novelty in business is the great "department store," which, by buying goods in vast quantities, especially at bankrupt sales, is able to undersell and crush out the small traders, driving them into bankruptcy or withdrawal from business.

Manufacturers to-day are learning that they cannot sell their goods in foreign lands unless they put them up in packages to suit the desired buyer. The obstinacy or conservatism which leads them to prepare goods in a certain way because their fathers and grandfathers did is fatal to success. Our Consuls have been trying for years to impress on American manufacturers that in foreign lands, where people are accustomed to buy articles by the gross, it is useless to send them packed by the hundred; that the width of cloths must be that of the fabrics the people have been in the habit of using; and again, that when the foreigner requires dimensions fixed by the metric system, it is foolish to send articles marked by feet and inches. British manufacturers have manifested the same short-sightedness or obstinacy in this respect as our own, while Germany's recent commercial success is said to be the readiness with which her manufacturers and traders adapt themselves to the requirements of foreign buyers.

In all the professions and callings of life there is "a new cut" which he who would succeed neglects at his peril. Of teaching this is emphatically true. The old system of learning things by rote, and parroting the textbooks at recitations—of stuffing the memory in the study of history with a multitude of disconnected facts, with lists of Kings and Queens, and the dates of coronations and battles, and in the study of geography with the names and lengths of rivers, the heights of mountains, and the boundaries of states—is exploded. In the best schools of to-day, mental discipline, not the cramming of the memory, is the thing aimed at—the exercise of the pupil's intellect, not the imparting of knowledge. Instead of blind deference to authority, the pupil is taught to think for himself, to search for the reasons of things. Finally, his progress is measured, not by the number of books he has studied, nor the science he has acquired, but by the degree in which that science has been converted into insight, and "brought into relation with the deeper currents of thought." The teacher to-day who sticks in the old ruts of pedagogy, and avoids "the new cut," soon finds himself without pupils.

In journalism there is "a new cut." The old-fashioned, long-column newspaper, with its ponderous leaders and heavy communications, is out of date. The popular daily journal is not one filled with exhaustive details of public events and disquisitions that smell of the lamp. It is one whose merit lies in condensation; which, with full reports and occasional elaborate discussions of leading events, gives the *apices rerum*, the cream and quintessence of things; whose pithy paragraphs, squeezed into the smallest possible space, may be taken in by the eye while the reader is sipping a cup of coffee, or devoured like a sandwich between two mouthfuls of sirloin or bites of bread and butter. The leading journalist of to-day wastes no time on introductions. He sinks rhetoric, plunges at once into the very middle of his subject, and "plucks out the heart of its mystery." Striking the keynote of his article in the very first sentence, and seeking not only to originate new ideas, but to crystallize into apt and telling forms of expression old thoughts with which in solution his readers have long been familiar, he strives to be brief and crisp, giving results only, not processes—suggesting argument rather than stating it, and avoiding the too common practice of letting the ghost of one's thought wander about after the death of the body.

In all kinds of oratory, especially in that of the Parliament or Senate, there is "a new cut." The long, carefully elaborated speeches of the first half of the century; the lofty, premeditated eloquence of a Webster, or the fine-spun, metaphysical argumentation of a Calhoun; above all, the stately, flowing, sonorous sentences of a Pitt, saturated with classic quotation, in which "a couple of powdered lackeys of adjectives wait on every substantive," are no longer in demand. The Congressman of to-day makes a businesslike statement rather than a speech. He addresses himself less to his associates than to the reporters. Party leaders in the Senate fight now with the clenched fist rather than with the open hand—with logic rather than with rhetoric. It is not the man who can rouse, thrill or melt his hearers by his electric appeals that now wields the most potent influence in the Senate, but the man who can make the most forcible statement—who can crush an adversary in a sentence, or condense a policy into a thundering epigram.

Finally, there is "a new cut" in the ministerial calling. The discovery of new manuscripts of the Bible, the study of its pages with new critical aids and appliances, together with the skillfully directed archæological researches of recent times, have thrown a flood of light on the Scriptures, and made luminous many passages which were for ages obscure. As a result, many of the old doctrines of theology have been restated, many stumbling-blocks to faith removed; and the preacher who would impress his hearers to-day must be familiar with these changes. The old-fashioned, long-winded sermon, too, with its sixthlies and seventhlies, more somniferous than "poppy, mandragora, and all the drowsy syrups of the world," is out of date, alike with "the Bible twang" with which it was delivered; and a brief discourse, from twenty to forty minutes long, packed with suggestive thought, and delivered in an earnest, impressive and natural manner, is now heard in the leading churches. The improvement is a striking one, and the minister who ignores "the new cut," and persists in droning on for an hour or more, with his "divisions" and "application," finds himself ere long preaching to empty pews.

The JENSEN BOY

By Vance Thompson

DRAWN BY C. D. WILLIAMS

The philosophical person does not like to read true stories; and he is right. Why should he read of men being slain in dark alleyways when such things happen? He might not have thought of them, and now he cannot pass a dark street without expecting a cloaked figure and a naked sword. You see, the trouble is that the things we think become in time the things that are; the true story tends always to repeat itself. The centuries have conspired to make you what you are. In the dim years they plotted the curves of your life, breeding you, educating you through ancestral influences, making you such a man, who should walk in such a way at such an hour down such a street and meet—perhaps some girl, who on her side had marched down through the dusk ages and the welter of races that you might meet her and in her intimate eyes discern the love the years had planned for you—this dark, long conspiring of the centuries.

Idly you sit for a moment, browsing over a page of fiction; what is it? Fantastic loves in an unreal garden under the limelight of an artificial moon? Then it is well enough; but suppose the story a true one—the page of a man's life? Be sure your own life will never again be quite what it was before you read that page. You have tangled the thread of your life with alien threads.

The hero of that true story, perhaps, was some pale lad, who went sighing down the highway of life; yes—and ever after you shall march together, he and you. Your feet will ache with his wayfaring; always the blue horizon, toward which he travels (so vainly), will beckon you; your life that was definitely your own is complicated with his; go where you will, this pale ghost of fiction will dog your steps, whisper to you his thoughts, force you to unwonted decisions.

With far-seeing wisdom the philosophical person distrusts the true story. That is the reason I have never written the life of old Jensen. There is nothing you would gain by knowing the old longshoreman who had "black nights." His thirty years of seafaring and riot—and then the night he sprawled on the yard, a flapping canvas bellying around him; there was a black sky with wind in it, and the sea ran thick with leaping waves; and there between sea and sky a face looked into his, and it was the face of his old mate Hilder, ten years dead—I do not see the gain there is in knowing these things. Of course, you will forget the old Swede, but nevertheless there will remain with you the hint—the instigation—of the dead face in the windy blackness and of the things that come questing from the mysterious world of death into the mystery of life.

And so I shall not tell that story. I have hesitated, too, to write down in plain words what happened to the Jensen boy that rainy night in Tompkins Square, but Hogan has told it and the thing is abroad—ricochetting through the world to play its infinitesimal part in the conspiracy of events. And I who write and you who read will never be quite the same; always we will expect the moment when we too must rise from bed, we know not why, and fare out into the midnight streets to meet we know not what.

WHEN Fresco lost his job on the Belt Line he went to Senator Bellstein, his district leader—and a strong man in Tammany—and Bellstein, in his pleasant way, clapped the young man on the shoulder and promised to make it right. But that was the end of it. Bellstein was a busy man and Fresco was nobody in particular. The days went into weeks and the weeks into months, and it was not made right. The election was eight months ahead, and Bellstein doubtless thought there was time enough to attend to that little matter of Fresco's job. But Fresco, growing hungrier and shabbier, prowled like a wolf on Bellstein's trail, following him from his office in the court-house to his club, and even to his big red-brick home in Politician's Row. And when it all came to nothing but oily promises, Fresco expressed his opinion of Bellstein—quite publicly, in the saloon and at the corner of the street; withal, he grew leaner and raggeder, and spent many a crisp night dozing on a park bench. And this was bad for his health and his temper.

❧

It had never happened before; for the first time in his twelve placid years the Jensen boy woke up without being pulled out of bed—or rather, prodded out of the straw mattress in the corner that served for a bed. He did not know what time it was; certainly it was still night. There was a faint light in the room—a reflection from the electric lights in the streets. The Jensen boy sat up and looked about. He saw the kitchen stove, the table and the chairs. The gray cat came out of the darkness and rubbed against him. In the adjoining room he heard his father muttering—for old Jensen had seen strange things in his youth, and his sleep was haunted—and the breathing of the younger children. The Jensen boy inspected the floor and the walls and the ceiling with his sleepy little eyes. He looked at the gray blur of the window and seemed to hear the wash of rain without. Then he yawned and pushed the cat away from him.

He said to himself: "Gee! dis is no time ter git up," and then, after a yawn or two, he added: "I'll go ter sleep."

Instead of lying down he stood up and groped for his shoes. The Jensen boy's preparation for bed was very simple—he took off his shoes. When he got up he put them on. Nothing could be simpler. He called it undressing and getting dressed. And yet when he found himself putting on his shoes and tying up the laces in the familiar way, there in the silence and shadow of night, he began to whimper.

"Say," he whispered to himself, "I mus' be goin' nutty!"

He did not want to get up; he did not want to go out; and yet he felt that he had something to do—out there in the night. He picked up his old cap and pulled it down over his straw-colored head. He went softly to the door, shot the bolt, and pulled; the door stuck for a moment and then swung open with a harsh screech.

"Who wass dat?" said a frightened voice; then old Jensen's gray head appeared in the bedroom and the Jensen boy could see the terror in his bright, expectant eyes.

"It's me, fader," he said gloomily.

"You—you vakes me out of my sleep," old Jensen growled, "when I haf so little sleep. Go to bed."

"I gotter go out," said the Jensen boy, in that same tone of gloom and doubt.

He went slowly down the long tenement stairs. He could hear old Jensen talking blackly in his native tongue, and the cries of the wakened children.

"What am I doin' it fer?" he asked himself; "I mus' be nutty as de ol' man—gee!"

❧

As he turned into the street a flaw of cold rain caught him full in the face and drenched him; then there came another dash of windy rain, and another, until he was wet to the skin and his yellow curls glistened like gold. He dug his stubby little hands into his pockets and walked on into the storm, his head down, unseeing, unhurried, calm as one who walks in a dream. There were no thoughts in his little brain—at most the shadow of an angry feeling that he would have expressed by certain short, efficient old Saxon words that have been outlawed from society and live fugitively in the slums and alleys of the world. This faint heat of indignation stirred in his dull little brain; that was all. Head down, his hands in his trousers' pockets, his wet shoes flapping the pavement, he walked through the silent city. The street lamps flickered yellow in the storm. Even the saloons were closed, and the naked bars, lit by a single gas jet, had a cold and uncanny look. He saw nothing, the Jensen boy; met no one. He turned into Essex Street without knowing why; in the same involuntary way he crossed eastward through Grand Street until he came to the avenues of the alphabet; here—the rain again in his face—he turned north. Had he looked about him (but he did not look) he would have recognized that he was out of his city—his city that lay between Grand Street and Canal and the Bowery and the river. This was a new territory—an unexplored land of savage German bakers and barbarous Hungarian felt-makers: strange people; he would hardly have ventured there by day without his "gang," and here he was at night, alone——

Fortunately he did not know. He walked on, because he must. At last he raised his eyes. Before him lay a broad park, its white asphalt paths shining in the rain, its hundreds of gas jets twinkling with points of ochre-colored flame; and in the centre of the park was a dark blotch, which he knew was a house—the skeleton of a house, mere platform and posts, with a peaked roof.

As the Jensen boy entered the park the rain ceased and the wind, after a few sharp gasps, died away, and, a moment later, across half the sky the stars shone and the ghost of a moon appeared dim in the haze. He went toward the band-house. Shivering with the wet and cold, stupid for lack of sleep, vaguely indignant with the destiny that had played him this grim, unpractical joke, the Jensen boy marched on—at once defiant and afraid.

❧

He was within ten paces of the little house when a man slouched out of the shadow and approached him. He was a dismal figure of a man—wet and haggard and ragged—a figure that might have arisen from the pit of the world's wretchedness. Dragging one lame foot after the other, the man approached.

"Garn," said the Jensen boy with sullen watchfulness; "don't you tetch me!"

"Whose a-goin' to touch you?" said the man. He looked up at the sky; then he shook himself in his rags and groaned: "Say—ain't dere never goin' ter be no mornin'?"

"What's eatin' you?" said the Jensen boy. He examined the man curiously—the worn blue clothes and the broken boots, the staring eyes and the white face that twitched with an ague of cold. They walked back to the avenue.

"What time is it?" asked the man.

"I dunno," said the Jensen boy.

They stood for a moment under a street lamp and again the boy examined his companion.

"Gee!" he said at last, with the air of a connoisseur in misery, "you's the worst ever! Say," he added, "you's up ag'in' it fer fair."

"God!" cried the man, "won't de sun ever shine!"

The cold was in his bones and in his brain.

❧

The Jensen boy had felt—from the moment he was urged from his bed until he stood there under the street lamp—that something dim and mysterious was about him. He had felt, not quite consciously, that he was in the grip of destiny—like a child tossed in the air to be caught by strong hands and tossed again; but suddenly the sense of powerlessness fell away from him; he heard the sharp rap of heavy boots on the pavement, recognized the familiar policeman's tread—and was himself. He looked about for a stone; he was out of his city—in a new, absurd Germanized world where there was no stone to throw at an unwary policeman.

"Rats!" said the Jensen boy. His back was to the ragged man and he was studying the bulk of blue-clad figure tramping up.

The ragged man had heard nothing; he scanned the sky; then with a groan in which all the breath seemed to burst from his lungs, he cried again: "Will de sun never shine!"

"Say," said the Jensen boy, turning his head and grinning, "what's de matter wid de gas!"

"Go chase yersilves, ye hoboes," said a voice a trifle thick with too much breathing of unsunned air—a noctambulist's voice.

"Garn," said the Jensen boy, retreating sullenly, "I ain't done nuthin'." Then he recognized the policeman and a grin ran like a sabre-cut across his hard little face.

DRAWN BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Say—ain't dere never goin' ter be no mornin'?"

"Say," he said with patronizing calmness, "how's dey runnin', Hogan? I knew dey's shifted you—but I'll giv 'em orders ter put you back on the Grand. See!"

"What are ye doin' here, ye little bliggard?" he asked.

"I dunno," said the Jensen boy doubtfully, for he felt that once more the sense of mystery was edging around him; "I dunno—I'm goin' home. Say, what time is it?"

"Three," said Hogan, glancing at his huge silver watch, and a moment later a bell somewhere rung the hour.

The ragged figure of the shivering man still leaned against the lamp-post, weak with cold and hunger. Hogan touched him on the arm. The man started, and, muttering something, slouched away through the gray night.

"Come back, you fool," the Jensen boy shouted; "it's on'y Hogan—he wouldn't hurt nobody."

Already the figure had vanished in the shadowy park.

"Go home wid ye," said Hogan; "if ye was my kid I'd lamm ye fer bein' out—shure."

"Bah! you would not," said the Jensen boy.

He turned homeward. As he trudged on he wondered—or perhaps that was not quite the definition of his emotion. As a matter of fact, he had no experience in wonder. His capacity for the marvelous had never been enlarged by tales of disguised princes and wolves in nightcaps, and giant trees that sprout from beans; his childhood was not of that sort. The developed part of his brain might have gone in a thimble. His knowledge of dodging trucks, selling newspapers and worrying the police was fairly complete, but his emotions were limited. And so he trudged home, faintly surprised, vaguely angry that he was not his own master, but was, as it were, a messenger of destiny. He was cold and sleepy as he tumbled up the stairs and pushed open the creaking door of the tenement; he heard old Jensen muttering, as he threw himself down on his straw bed and slept.

Chapter II

ON HIS way home from his club in Fifth Avenue, Senator Bellstein stopped for a moment at the district club. He stood for a little while talking with his friends, cool, handsome, smiling, his overcoat thrown back to expose the diamonds in his evening shirt, listening to the complaints and advice of his henchmen.

"Danny," he remarked to one of his captains, "that fellow Fresco was around jabbing at my door-bell today. Now, you tell him to keep away or I'll send him to cool on the Island."

"Dere's no harm in Fresco, Senator," said Danny.

"Why don't you give him something to do here around the club?" asked the Senator.

"Oh, we ain't eleemosynary," said Danny.

"Well, I'll pay," said Senator Bellstein. He drew a large roll of bills from his pocket, removed the rubber band, and slipped off a five-dollar note "Make him work for it; straighten him up and I'll fix him for a job. I promised him I would."

"Sure you did, Senator—six months ago."

"Well, you don't suppose I carry jobs in my pockets for all of you fellows! Are you working, Eddy?"

"I was yestiddy," said Eddy with a grin; he was a smart young fellow with a cigar tilted up in the corner of his mouth.

"Well, you ain't working me," said the Senator, with that sort of ready humor that had made him a district leader. He talked with one and another; heard their troubles, made promises, repeated his order to Danny about Fresco, and went away leaving behind him a trail of good feeling. His hands in the pockets of his unbuttoned overcoat, a cigar in his teeth, he strolled homeward. He was well pleased with himself. He had settled a number of troublesome affairs, indulged in a few easy charities—and he always enjoyed being charitable. He thought of the five-dollar bill he had left at the club for Fresco, and the thought pleased him.

"I'm always doing good," he mused; "now, that fellow's no good to me at all and yet I help him out. I wonder why fellows can't learn to take care of themselves—I did it when I was eight years old. Now that fellow Fresco lacks something or he wouldn't need to be helped. It's the way with all of them. They ain't all there. If they was—well, I don't suppose they'd be much use to me."

As he walked on he tried to understand—for it was his business to understand men, and he was in a thoughtful mood—the curious relation between the men who can't get on in the world and the men who get on by using them. A slight triumphant feeling accompanied his reflections (for was he not one of those who succeed?) and he threw back his head.

"That fellow Fresco——" he repeated, but he got no further. With a hoarse scream and hands wildly clutching the air he lurched forward and fell a huddled mass on the pavement.

He felt hurried fingers twitching at his watch-chain, searching his pockets; then a black wave of unconsciousness rolled over his brain. Policeman Herlihan, who had heard the scream, came running up. He saw the prostrate man, recognized the district leader, and rapped for help. Officer O'Brien answered and an ambulance was summoned.

"Assault?" said the surgeon, dropping from the tail-end of the ambulance.

"Shure!" said Herlihan.

At this moment the wounded man opened his eyes and groaned.

"It's all right, Senator," said Herlihan.

"He's coming round," said the surgeon, "but——"

"Do ye know who done it, Senator?" asked Herlihan eagerly.

The Senator groaned feebly, then he stared vacantly around and muttered: "That—fellow——"

"Who?" asked the surgeon, bending low to catch the name.

"Fresco——"

"Fresco!" exclaimed Herlihan; "well, I might 'a' knowed he was in it."

"Lacks—something——," murmured the feeble voice, growing inaudible and dying away in a low moan of pain.

It was just twelve o'clock. The Jensen boy came in from selling his papers and rattled down on the table his copper spoils.

"I done noble, mudder," he said, dividing the money in two heaps, one for her and one a basis for future business operations, "an' I'm hungry as a wolf. See! Is dere any grub?"

"In a minute, Hans," said his mother.

"Say, mudder, don't call me Hans; de kids'll tink I'm Dutch," said the Jensen boy, "an' den I'll have ter lick it out a dem ag'in. Say, why didn' yez name me Mike—plain United States?"

Mrs. Jensen, who had heard the complaint before and did not understand it anyway, laid out the knives and plates, and then, the five smaller children sniffing at her heels, brought in the midday meal—a meat stew, steaming in a yellow bowl, and a plate of boiled potatoes.

"Dat smells so good I could shark it," said the Jensen boy, and while his mother served the stew to the five open-mouthed youngsters, he speared a potato on the end of his fork and began to peel it.

Suddenly he laid down the potato and stood up.

"Where's me hat?" he said.

The five little children stared at him with dull curiosity as he found his cap and put it on his head.

"Where you goin', Hans?" his mother asked.

"Dey's waitin' fer me," said the Jensen boy.

"Who wass waitin', Hans?"

"I dunno," he said, and slouched out.

In the street a thin rain was driving to and fro, and the Jensen boy walked through it with lowered head, thinking. His thoughts turned round and round the breakfast-table and his mother, standing there spoon in hand; he determined to go back—and walked on, neither fast nor slow, but with the even step of one who is sure of arriving somewhere just in time. The streets were crowded, for they are always crowded around Essex Market—men and women who chaffered over pennyworths of black bread and fragments of goose. No one paid any heed to the Jensen boy, as he went his way doggedly through the crowd. He saw a big doorway against which a policeman lounged, and went in. He passed through a hall; there, too, was a crowd that chattered and gesticulated—pale and boyish Jews who wore silk hats and diamonds, old Jews with Oriental faces humble, dressed in faded liveries of poverty; men from the street corners, ward politicians with insolent faces, men who smoked and argued—a crowd that surged to and fro—in front of a closed door.

The Jensen boy wormed his way through the crowd, and when the door was opened was swept in. There were rows of benches, then a railing, then a platform, and, high above, a long, wooden desk, at which a gray-headed man sat. The Jensen boy could not take his eyes from this stern face. And so he sat there as one who waits, hearing nothing of the repressed conversation that hummed about him.

Herlihan, the policeman, was testifying:

"He was on his way home through Grand Street," he was saying. "At the corner of Norfolk Street he got it over the head. It was a brick. He fell like a log. When I got there I rapped for help. O'Brien kem up an' we summoned an ambulance. Just as we was lifting him up from the pavement he opened his eyes, an' I asked him who done it. He looked at me queer fer a moment, an' then he said—an' we all heard him, 'It was that fellow Fresco!'"

"What time was that?" asked the gray-headed man.

"Three o'clock," said Herlihan. "I jest looked at my watch as the ambulance kem up."

"Is that the man?"

"Yes, sir. That's Fresco."

A man standing between two policemen in front of the railing and below the desk gave a sort of cry.

"It wa'n't me," he gasped. "I swear it wa'n't me! I wa'n't there! I nevah done up nobody!"

"Shut up," said one of the policemen, jerking him by the shoulder.

He was a wretched creature, this prisoner, with haggard face and terror-stricken eyes.

"I wa'n't there," he shouted desperately. "I never done it. I wa'n't there! I wa'n't there!" His voice died away in a wail.

The gray-headed man was writing. He laid down his pen and looked at the prisoner.

"Where were you?" he asked sternly.

"I was carryin' de banner all night," said the prisoner, quivering with earnestness, "an' I dozed in Tompkins Square. How could I be there? How could I?"

The gray-headed man took up his pen and calmly resumed his writing, smiling with a worn air of incredulity; all this was such an old play; he had heard so many criminals swear to an impossible alibi.

The prisoner shook off the policeman's hold on his arm and raised his trembling hand.

"'Fore God," he said solemnly, "I wa'n't there. I was sleepin', an' de rain waked me up, an' I met a kid an sez, 'What's de time?' an' he says, 'Tree o'clock.'"

The gray-headed man again looked up from his writing.

"What was his name?" he asked.

"I dunno."

"Where does he live?"

"I dunno."

"Would you recognize him?"

"I dunno."

The gray-headed man dipped his pen in the ink.

The prisoner dropped his hands to his side—it is the gesture of despair; the gesture with which one bids good-by to hope; the gesture with which one says I am lost; he glanced hopelessly around the dingy room, over the mass of faces; suddenly with a great cry—with a great shudder of joy that sent the blood to his face and the light to his eyes—he cried, "Dere he is—de kid!"

The Jensen boy stood up.

The evidence of the Jensen boy was plain enough, and Hogan was called to confirm it.

The courtroom still buzzed and swayed with the excitement of the case when the Jensen boy slipped out into the rainy streets. He climbed the tenement stairs and entered his home.

Mrs. Jensen had just begun to clear the table.

"What you mean by this, Hans?" she asked sharply.

The Jensen boy sat down at the table and took up the half-peeled potato.

He looked at his mother for a moment, vainly trying to find an answer to her question. Finally a helpless look broke over his dull little face:

"I dunno, mudder," he said.

DRAWN BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"DERE HE IS—DE KID!"

Judge Dittenhoefer's Mistake

EX-JUDGE A. J. DITTENHOEFER, of New York, was at one time a prominent political leader in the metropolis. Among his constituents was a man named Finn who wanted an office for his brother-in-law in the custom-house, then controlled by Collector Arthur, afterward President of the United States.

"You have had your full share of offices," said the Collector to the Judge, "and I cannot give you any more; but to oblige your friend Finn I will remove one of your appointees and make a place for his brother-in-law."

The Judge looked over the list, and coming across two names unknown to him he said: "Turn out either one of these men and put in Finn's brother-in-law."

The next day the removal and the appointment were announced, and an hour later Finn was in the Judge's office, his face purple with rage.

"Well, I fixed it for you, Finn," said the Judge, "fixed it all right."

"Sure and you did," returned Finn, "and it's a dirty piece of work for a Judge to be engaged in."

"What do you mean? Didn't I put out one of my other constituents to make room for a young man who had just married your sister, and have not you been begging me to do this for the last month?"

"That's all right, Mr. Dittenhoefer, but the man you discharged was my wife's only brother, and he has eight children, bad luck to you!"

WILLIAM WARREN—A PERSONAL SKETCH

By SOL SMITH RUSSELL

TO THE present generation the name of William Warren is undoubtedly more familiar than that of any other comedian of the past; and when one remembers that in that past were William E. Burton, Joseph Jefferson and John E. Owens, the regard in which he is held to-day shows how lasting was the impression that he made.

Unless it is Joseph Jefferson, I do not know of any one on the stage who was loved in the same idolatrous way as was William Warren by the audiences that were familiar with his impersonations, even though they knew nothing about him personally.

An actor may be wonderfully clever and wonderfully versatile, as Warren was, but this will never earn for him anything more than intense admiration. To be loved, an actor must have more than cleverness and versatility, and that "more" Warren had—had in his sweet simplicity, his quiet and droll humor, his warm heart and his lack of pretension.

When I had succeeded to some of Warren's parts at the Boston Museum I shall never forget the trepidation and the reverence with which I stepped before the audiences that had been accustomed to welcome him. An audience that had known Warren for forty years was not easy to face. Often after I had come to know those audiences fairly well, and after they had in a measure become mine, I have had people say to me:

"Do talk about William Warren; I love him."

To Warren's personality this was due. And it must be remembered that he did more than any one else in his day to bring out of their homes a non-theatre-going class, or at least a class that would not think of going to see light comedy. Christian people of culture and refinement would go to see a Junius Brutus Booth or a Forrest; but at first—that is, before the fifties—they kept away from comedy. Tragedy, as I have said, had no difficulty in those days in securing patronage, nor had comedy of a certain sort; but the Warren type of comedian came with the founding of the museums throughout the country.

Every one of these was a regular museum—birds and all that sort of thing—and in addition there was a lecture-room. When the people had formed the habit of going to the lectures, concerts were given, and occasionally a funny man would be introduced; then a short, humorous sketch, and as the museums grew stronger and the audiences more steadfast, comedies were attempted.

When I speak of the affectionate way in which Boston regarded William Warren it must not be inferred that he was much in evidence off the stage; for I have never known an actor or any other man in public life who kept more out of what is termed society. He was the very soul of dignity, and if there was anything he hated it was an attempt to attract attention by other than legitimate means.

As an instance of this, he protested most vigorously when it became the fashion to photograph theatrical companies in groups and to place the pictures in front of the theatre. The Boston Museum, however, could not lag behind, and, still protesting, Warren was taken in the centre of the group that was shown in the lobby of the theatre. Not long after this he wrote to a friend saying that business was not very good, and concluded with this phrase: "People nibble at the pictures, but they won't bite the tickets."

Famous in Boston to this day is Warren's wig. It wasn't worn with much art—in fact, he seemed much amused that people should think he was trying to disguise the fact that he was bald.

"I wear it for my health," he used to say; "not for show," and on one occasion, when the Papyrus Club, of Boston, invited him to dine with them, he wrote back:

"I regret to the roots of my wig I cannot be with you."

When I first saw William Warren I was not more than eighteen. Like the late Mr. Lochinvar, I "had come out of the West," but I had none of that gentleman's polish. My ideas of comedy were an eccentric costume, a bullet-head, a red pug nose, and all that sort of thing.

I was traveling then with a comedy company and was doing just the sort of thing I have spoken of. We reached Boston, and at the very first opportunity I went to see William Warren. He was playing in an old farce by Madison Morton, and, though it was not an important thing, it suddenly dawned upon me that the world I was living in was a very poor place compared to this one.

I know it is usual for a young actor, when he is deeply impressed by some genius, or when he is hissed from the stage, to "make a vow" that he will return and achieve triumphs on that very stage. I must have been very thoughtless in those days not to have made the usual vow; but had I known that, years after, I should essay William Warren's characters as star in the Boston Museum Company I most certainly would have done so.

I speak of the effect that Warren had on me as a young actor; for he undoubtedly had the same effect on other actors, and in this way his influence was far-reaching. At the time of which I write there were four comedians in the field, each of whom had a large following and about whose merits there was much discussion. John Sleeper Clarke is but dimly remembered to-day, but in those days he was on a close run with Joseph Jefferson. John E. Owens, up to the time he created Solon Shingle, was a splendid Jakey in A Glance at New York, and after that he was known as "great" in a round of characters. Burton, too, was an enormous favorite, but the "pit" had made him popular and it left its mark on him.

It was everywhere conceded that Joseph Jefferson had shown the greatest genius in his conceptions, and that William Warren was the most comprehensive of actors, Owens and Burton excelling in "comic" effects. If one will pause for a moment and think that Warren played at the Boston Museum for thirty-five years, with only one break of a year, and that in that time he appeared in 13,345 performances, playing 577 characters, some idea of his endurance alone will be obtained. And, no matter what he played, he brought to it all his great ability.

I remember one scene in the English version of Sardou's Fernande, where Warren appeared as De Pomerel, the Paris *avocat*, an old gentleman of great dignity and courtliness. He is talking to a woman of the kind that Sardou likes to place on the stage.

"Now I," she says, "don't set up for a prude."

In his most courtly manner, with one hand gently raised in protestation, Warren says: "No, certainly not."

There was just the proper shade of emphasis here, and though the reply was put forward courteously and the face preserved its expression—there was no grimace to the audience—the house found a wealth of meaning in that slight emphasis alone, and it became a famous line.

To understand all the various things that are to be said about his acting a view of his life is necessary. His father was the famous William Warren, the actor and manager, and for many years he was known as "Younger William Warren," but his own eventually overshadowed his father's reputation. It was not his parents' intention that he should become an actor, and he was educated for a mercantile life—well educated, too. His father was unfortunate in his undertakings, and when he died the support of the family devolved upon William, Jr. So it became necessary for him to make money at once. He had no difficulty in securing an engagement, and made his first appearance, when he was twenty years of age, in the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1832. His father, I believe, had made his first appearance in the same character—young Norval in Douglas—that fell to William on his entrance to the stage.

For fifteen years he worked his way up in his profession—hard work it was, too, in those days, when a tragedy, a comedy and a farce made up an evening's entertainment. Before he was thirty he had made a reputation for himself and was known East and West (the West wasn't so far away then as it is to-day) as a thorough and hard-working actor, whose particular strength was the comedy rôle. In 1846 he first appeared in Boston, playing Sir Lucius O'Trigger in The Rivals. The next year he began his long season at the Boston Museum—a season of over thirty-five years.

An incident in his acting at the Boston Howard Athenæum, previous to his engagement at the Museum, will serve to illustrate the high ideal toward which he worked. It was a common thing in those days to try all sorts of "business" and byplay in order to get a laugh, and if it brought out that laugh its propriety was never questioned. Of course, the same thing is done to-day, but the spirit is different. Who of us would sacrifice some of the delightful touches that Jefferson uses to reveal the character of Bob Acres, unsanctioned though they may be by Sheridan?

Here the impulse is artistic; it is done with all reverence, but then it was not. Imagine the grave-digger in Hamlet coming on and proceeding to take off a dozen coats and waistcoats of various colors before speaking his lines. When Warren was cast for the grave-digger he refused to indulge the audience in this "monkey business," and gave instead a quiet, unctuous performance that was its own reward in that it satisfied his artistic conscience.

This was not the only time that Warren gave up small tricks intended to catch the applause of the unthinking. There never was a more conscientious actor, and I don't believe there was ever one who was more deeply imbued with a sense of the artistic. I don't think the general public appreciates what applause means to an actor. It isn't like writing a book or painting a picture. The author and the artist, if their work is not received with approval through lack of insight on the part of the public, can stand aside and say, "We will wait ten years."

But an actor cannot wait ten years! Without public approval he dies instanter, and I am sure if audiences knew how nervously actors watch for the little signs of approval, hand-clapping, laughter, silence "that is felt," they would give at least their sympathy ungrudgingly. Had Warren not had audiences that ranked first in the culture of the country, his career, perhaps, would not read differently, but he would not have been the highly finished actor that he was all through. And the obverse, too, is true—that he made the standard of legitimate comedy higher. In other ways, too, Warren showed that, dear as applause is to the heart of an actor, it could never influence him to put himself forward at the expense of the other members of the company.

When we come to Warren in the acting part, perhaps the first and most obvious thing to consider is his presence. Joseph Jefferson says that the first time he saw him was when he was acting in the elder Jefferson's company. He was then a young man of twenty-five, tall, handsome, graceful, with a lot of fine black hair "which must have been the envy of the juvenile tragedian."

His acting of even the most worthless part was always as finished as was that of parts in which he evidently took great delight. His conscientiousness in this respect was wonderful. In costuming there was much latitude allowed in those days, and unless an actor took great interest in his work the costumes given him were usually a fair compromise between tradition and the means at hand. Warren's culture and varied knowledge, however, showed in everything he did, and M. Beauvallet, a French actor who was over here with Rachel, and who wrote a book on America when he got back to Paris, says of a performance of Adrienne Lecouvreur which he saw in the Boston Museum, that the only one of the actors and actresses correctly costumed was Mr. Warren. I have heard Frenchmen praise Mr. Warren's French accent, and his Latin, too, was remarkably correct in pronunciation—two details that show the broad-mindedness of the man.

Probably Warren was the greatest Sir Peter Teazle America has produced. He seemed to be particularly fitted for the part, and it will always be associated with his name. For another reason, too, his rendering of it will be remembered. Though he followed the text very closely, and gave us the usual wrathy and irritable Sir Peter, he set out, as Mr. Clapp, the Boston critic, says, "in strong and tender colors the manliness, the probity, the gentleness, the magnanimity of Sir Peter's nature." The old Sir Peter was very muscular and raspy; Warren made him a man of heart—a change that was in absolute accord with his own nature.

In parts like Mr. Golightly in Lend Me Five Shillings, Warren could display a farcical buoyancy that would send his audiences home wondering if there were any one who could equal him in light farce. And a night or two after he would perhaps appear in some such play as To Parents and Guardians. Here, as a poor French tutor, his French scholarship was of great use to him.

Boston's admiration for him might have ended disastrously for him had he permitted it. On one occasion, when he was at a reception, his hostess remarked to him that he was the lion of the evening.

"I only know of one man that could be lionized without danger," he said with a smile, "and that was Daniel."

The same attachment that he felt for his home he showed for the Museum which had been a second home to him. Everything about the Museum was sacred to him. On one occasion, when a man came to rehearsal without a collar, it being a warm day, Warren bore himself in patience until the man had gone. Then he exclaimed: "What a disgrace! What an insult to us!"

In later years he used to spend much of his time chatting with "Old Susie," the wardrobe keeper, up in the scene-loft. He would bid good-by to all the company, leaving fully equipped for a week's fishing, and as he passed out of the stage door, stage carpenters, actors, everybody would see him off, exclaiming: "Good luck to you, Mr. Warren. Get well refreshed and come back soon to us."

Lo and behold! the very next day Mr. Warren would be found up in the wardrobe room smoking his pipe and chatting with "Old Susie."

When Mr. Warren retired I went to play at the Boston Museum. Quite frequently he used to come down to the hotel and chat with me, and it was his great delight to get off each day some new joke. One day he came in and said:

"Sol, why is Doctor McGlynn like a goose?"

"I don't know," I replied.

"Because he doesn't follow the propaganda," he replied with a smack of his lips.

One day he did not come, and it was told with bated breath that Warren was sick. And when, on September 21, 1888, he passed peacefully away, three generations of playgoers mourned him as one of their own.

As actor, he will be remembered as long as there is a stage history of America. As man, as friend to friend, those who would know him need but recall the lines of William Winter, written to him on his retirement from the stage:

"True, simple, earnest, patient, kind,
Through griefs that many a weaker will
Had stricken dead, his noble mind
Was constant still."

SEP

1899-11-18

PAGE MISSING

PAGE 393

SEP

1899-11-18

PAGE MISSING

PAGE 394

captured three frigates, actually destroying the two larger ones, and took a heavy sloop-of-war, carrying in the aggregate over one hundred and fifty-four guns, killing and wounding over three hundred and twenty-five men upon their decks, taking nearly one thousand prisoners. On two separate occasions she escaped, by the exercise of the highest seamanship and skill on the part of her officers and crew, from two large British squadrons after a long and hard pursuit.

In addition to all this, she captured property to the amount of nearly $2,000,000—an immense sum for her day—and all this with the loss in personnel of only nineteen killed and forty-five wounded, and in material, of a few spars and some rigging easily replaced. Within an hour after any of her fights she was perfectly capable of engaging on equal terms another enemy similar to the one just captured. The last order of the British Admiralty concerning her had been to the effect that English ships were to hunt her in couples—not a very effective device, as it proved, since she was at this moment fresh from her last victory, and in some respects her most remarkable and brilliant action, the twin capture of one of the pairs aforesaid, the frigate Cyane and the sloop Levant!

Stewart, who was bound for home, as soon as the exigency had been made plain to him, generously allowed Fairford to take such of his officers as he could spare who were willing to go with him. The young Captain, therefore, secured the service of a surgeon and a surgeon's mate, two more Lieutenants, several midshipmen, with a marine lieutenant, a sergeant and sixteen men. He also borrowed uniforms for himself and Ludlow, and coats at least for the volunteer officers he had on his ship.

"Would you like to have anything else, my young friend?" said Commodore Stewart, after all these requests had been cheerfully complied with.

"Well, yes, sir. There are two other things that we would like to have if you can spare them," continued Fairford.

"What are they, my lad? Do not let the remarkable modesty that you have exhibited hitherto restrain you at this stage," answered Stewart, smiling jovially.

"Well, sir, we would like a couple of lady's maids."

"A couple of what?"

"Lady's maids, Commodore, if you please."

"Lady's maids! Women! Good Heavens, sir! Do you think this ship is a female seminary? You will be asking for millinery next."

"Yes, sir; we'll take all you have on board in the way of women's gearing."

Stewart sank back in his chair aghast.

"What do you mean, sir? Are you trifling with me, or have you lost your senses?" he cried sternly, looking into Fairford's grave face.

"Neither, sir; but we have two ladies on board, and as I have been so successful in picking up a crew and officers in the ocean, they suggested that I might somewhere find the rest."

"Well, may I be dashed!" exclaimed the Commodore, recovering himself with difficulty, while Fairford explained the presence of the two women to him. "So you cut out ships and women as well. No, I cannot help you to the maids and the millinery; but wouldn't you like me to take the ladies back with me to the United States?"

"Yes, sir," said Fairford reluctantly, yet his heart sank, as had Ludlow's some time previously, at the thought of being separated from his sweetheart just as he was enjoying the pleasure of her society. The old Commodore laughed again.

"I see how it is," he said. "Well, if they want to go back with me, sing out and I will send a boat over for them. Meantime, keep the Narragansett well away from me; I hardly feel safe as it is, with such a desperate crowd of men so near by."

The two officers, with a curious mixture of joy and relief at their good luck, and sadness over the expected parting, soon regained their ship. The other officers who were to sail with them had preceded them. Fairford and Ludlow walked up to the two girls.

"Margaret," said the former, "Commodore Stewart expects to get back to the United States in a few weeks after doing a little more cruising, and he says he will take you and Miss Heathcote up to Boston with him if you wish to go."

Both girls started eagerly and then noted the utter dejection in the attitudes of the two men before them. They were really enjoying the cruise, and the spirit of adventure got hold of them, not to speak of other circumstances. Boston, for instance, was a long way from Virginia. There was no reason why Evelyn should go back, and she therefore nodded in response to the mute interrogation of Margaret's glance.

"I feel it my duty," said Fairford painfully, "to say that you ought to go with him."

"Most certainly, most certainly," chimed in Ludlow gloomily.

"Oh, you want to get rid of us, do you?" said Margaret decisively. "Well, then, we'll stay where we are. I presume your ship will be returning home some time or other."

For the life of them the two men could not restrain their delight. Old Rhodes, who was always opportunely around when anything was going on, had pretended to busy himself over a rope while he listened to the conversation. The whole crew of the Narragansett of course knew of Margaret's gallant ride to save the ship, for it was a never-ending topic of discussion among the men. They knew she had taken Spicer's place, and that Spicer had been promised the rating of a boatswain's mate if he succeeded in his adventure. They understood perfectly, therefore, when old Rhodes lifted his hand and called out:

"Lads! Hurrah for the little bosun's mate. She stays with us, and we've got good luck aboard."

In the cheers which succeeded, Margaret was renamed, and "the little boatswain's mate" she continued to be thereafter.

"I shall have to suppress that old man," said Fairford to himself, looking at Margaret the while to see if she were annoyed, but when he found her eyes were shining with merriment and pleasure he said nothing. At this moment Captain Stewart, tired of waiting, hailed:

"Well, sir, have you any passengers for us?"

"No, sir," answered Fairford, his delight pervading his voice.

"Good-by," said Captain Stewart, laughing and waving his hand; "a lucky cruise to you, and I hope you will pick up those maids somewhere."

So, with mingled cheers, the two ships filled away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Oh, you want to get rid of us, do you?" said Margaret decisively

OUR ARMY TRANSPORTS

By WALDON FAWCETT

IF SECRETARY ROOT, of the War Department, is able to keep his promise that every soldier of the new Army of Occupation shall eat his Christmas dinner in the Philippines, he will unquestionably be indebted in no small degree to our Army transport service. The movement of this armed force of upward of one hundred thousand men, with adequate supplies for the opening of an aggressive campaign, is decidedly the largest contract which our new transport service has undertaken, and is, indeed, one of the greatest tasks ever imposed on the water transportation facilities of any Government in time of war.

Merely the over-sea trip of Uncle Sam's new soldiers, without regard to the cost of their clothing, equipment or land transportation, will cost the Government more than most persons would suppose. The passage fee for each soldier may be conservatively estimated at seventy dollars. This estimate is based on the rental of the chartered steamers and a reasonable return upon the investment in the case of those purchased outright by the Government, with, of course, an allowance for the coal consumption, wages of the crew, and incidental operating expenses.

While on his seven-thousand-mile journey to our new domain in the Orient each soldier will consume from fifteen to twenty dollars' worth of food, granting that he is so fortunate as to enjoy the best of health; on the other hand, if the sudden change from a temperate to a tropical clime disagree with him, there must be added to the individual expense bill of this defender of the flag an appropriation for medicine and service. As this hasty bit of figuring has taken no account of the expenses of the coal-laden colliers, nor of the vessels which are to carry horses and mules, it is not difficult to appreciate that simply the outward-bound voyage of this great fighting force will cost half as much again as the beautiful Congressional Library at Washington.

As every one knows, the United States Government, during and at the conclusion of the Spanish-American War, purchased eighteen steamers, which she is refitting as Army transports, at an expense of about $100,000 each, and in a manner that is attracting the attention of military and naval men all over the world. Very few of these model troopships will, however, be employed in the conveyance to Manila of the newly enlisted warriors, for the reason that not half a dozen of them are ready for service. The brunt of the work is falling on a fleet of twenty-two chartered vessels on the Pacific, many of which, engaged early in the war, have been in the service of the Government so long that their owners have ordered new boats for their regular service.

While in some respects these Pacific transports are not all that could be desired, and certainly they make but a poor comparison with the remodeled Government vessels such as the Grant and Sheridan and Logan, yet they answer the purpose fairly well. Many of the chartered vessels of the Pacific fleet were formerly in the mail service, and their passenger accommodations are considerably better than those afforded on the steamers which the Government had to pick up on short notice to take the Army to Cuba and Porto Rico during the war.

The capacity of the vessels ranges all the way from five hundred to twelve hundred men each, and the entire fleet is able to carry, at a single trip, about fifteen thousand men. In addition, there are on the Pacific a dozen ships chartered for carrying animals, and this fleet, which will transfer at a single trip upward of four thousand horses and mules, will be kept quite as busily employed as the troopships.

The prosecution of the coming campaign in the islands of the other hemisphere may prove a grim business for many of the blue-coated men who are sailing away from their native land, but no person who has had an opportunity to peep into one of the transports can doubt that the ocean jaunt will prove very enjoyable after the first disquieting effects of seasickness have passed away.

The small percentage of the troops who go out to conquest in the few new transports, the remodeling of which will be completed this autumn, may have a few more comforts than their brethren on the chartered steamers, but save in the enjoyment of better facilities for bathing and more commodious hospital quarters, it is doubtful if the difference will be very apparent.

The officers of the Quartermaster's Department of the War Department who have charge of the transport service appreciate fully the importance of having the soldiers arrive in the best of physical condition, and thus every facility has been provided for plenty of exercise on shipboard. The messrooms are provided with swinging tables and stools so that they may be swung out of the way, affording clear space, and even the bunks—structures of gas-pipe supporting strips of canvas—may be removed so that the soldier boys may have a place for a genuine game of baseball or football.

The best part of it all is that the mothers at home need not feel the least uneasiness regarding the care and attention which the "boys" will receive during sickness. There are from thirty to sixty separate hospital bunks on each floating barracks, the staterooms for the surgeons and hospital stewards are close at hand, so that the attendants may be speedily summoned if needed, and an effort will be made to see that no transport goes out of port without a supply of medicine ample for any emergency.

The length of the voyage across the Pacific makes it imperative that the greatest care shall be exercised in storing the tons of supplies which are to be crowded into the hold of each transport. The category includes everything, from a toothbrush to an ice-making machine, and inasmuch as any one of them might be required during the voyage they must be arranged with a view to accessibility. Thus the boxes of varying sizes are arranged in even layers, and rising, one above another, along wide, well-lighted aisles, are tiers of barrels of beef, pork and hard bread, while farther on are ranged bundles of clothing, hats and shoes.

It is readily apparent that a permanent transport service will in the future be far more of a necessity to the United States than it has proved even to Great Britain, for we may not, for a long time at least, make use of native soldiery as she has done in India and Egypt. In carrying out the installation of an efficient fleet of troopships the experiences and lessons of the present migration across the Pacific are certain to prove invaluable, and for this reason the movement of troops now in progress will be watched with the greatest interest and attention, not only by the officers of our own Government, but by all the more progressive foreign Powers as well.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

An Editorial that Made a Man Famous

The editorial, What's the Matter with Kansas? which gave to the Emporia Gazette its first impetus and which was written by William Allen White, the author, was to a certain extent an accident.

Mr. White, who is only thirty-one years old now, had lately bought the Gazette, after serving a long apprenticeship in editorial writing on various Kansas papers. He left his town for Colorado, where his bride was spending the summer. Before leaving he wrote this editorial and hung it on the copy-hook. When he came back he found not only himself but his paper famous. The Republican National Committee sent it out as a campaign document, and among the letters of commendation he received none was more valued than that from Speaker Reed which greeted him on his return from the West.

PHOTO BY GROSS, EMPORIA, KAN.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Mr. White, contrary to general belief, finds it more profitable to devote his time to his newspaper than to fiction. While he is a Republican and has been offered political offices, among which was the Emporia post-office, which is worth $3000 a year, he is a stickler for local reforms, and he has steadfastly declined to receive any money that he does not earn. He says that the highest compliment that ever was paid to him was by an Emporia hack-driver who drove an Eastern visitor from the station to the editor's house.

"How does Mr. White stand in Emporia?"

"Oh, he's all right, I guess. But he's trying to make this town too infernally good to live in."

Mexico's Most Active Statesman

Señor Mariscal, the Mexican Vice-President and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and also the representative of the Republic at the recent Chicago festival, has had a career worthy of the proverbial backwood's boy.

He was born in humble circumstances at Oaxaca, and from his early years displayed inordinate ambition and energy. During his long career he has been almost everything, from errand boy to Vice-President. A friend once said to him:

"You have filled every position excepting President, haven't you?"

Señor Mariscal shook his head gravely as he replied: "The honor is very great, but it has not enough hard work to suit a man of my active temperament."

How Halliday was Taught Patience

Patience is accounted a rare quality; but it is particularly unusual in a man who has lost an arm in battle and finds himself at middle age handicapped in the ordinary details of life. Ex-Governor Frederick Halliday, of Virginia, lost an arm while fighting for the Confederacy.

Since the war he figured prominently in Southern politics and traveled widely in foreign countries. But even more noticeable than his empty sleeve was the evenness of his temper. Nothing ever ruffled it, and for the last twenty years he was never known to speak a harsh word.

A few years ago one of the Governor's friends asked him how he happened to control his temper so well.

"I'll tell you," said the Governor. "Before the war we owned slaves, and the position of a young master in the slave-owning house is something like that of the heir apparent of a European throne. Every want of mine was anticipated. And if it wasn't, it didn't take me very long to know the reason why. I was ruled by my temper, and it was not a pretty temper, either. One day at dinner (it was a big dinner—a function) the butler, who had grown gray in our family service, failed to do something that I wanted him to do, so I threw a knife at him. It was a sharp, keen-edged knife, and fortunately it missed him, but was sent with such force that it was buried half way to the handle in the wall. The meal went on without interruption. The next morning at breakfast the knife still remained in the wall.

"'That knife,' remarked my father, 'shall stay in the wall just where you threw it, and the story of your brutal assault shall be told to every guest who comes into this house until you have mastered your temper.'

"The knife stayed there fully six months because, as I said before, I had a temper, but before it was withdrawn I had learned the lesson of thoughtfulness and patience."

How Ensign Eames Lost His Wager

Miss Emma Eames has a brother, Harold, who was an ensign in the United States Navy. His ship was stationed at Leghorn, and one day the flagship entered the harbor with the Fleet Commander on board. The latter was very dignified and was never known to lose his self-control. One day the Commander was in swimming, and young Eames made a friendly wager with a fellow-officer that he would destroy his senior's equanimity—in naval parlance, "rattle" him. The wager was accepted, and a moment afterward Eames was in the water swimming toward his superior officer. Suddenly he paused, and, stopping his powerful overhand stroke, began treading water. Then he saluted precisely as if he had been on a quarter-deck. To the young man's intense surprise the Commander returned the salute with equal gravity. Mr. Eames lost his wager.

Professor Von Martens' Foresight

Professor Frederick Von Martens, who holds the chair of International Law in the St. Petersburg University, and is a frequent representative of the Czar in legal councils of moment, is not a Russian citizen, nor even a Russian subject, but a philosophic German. He is a notable linguist and author, and at the Venezuela Arbitration Conference in Paris, where he read the decision of the Commission, he had a pleasant fashion of addressing each delegate in his own language. One of the English jurists wondered how the Professor was able to keep up his knowledge of so many modern tongues.

The Professor replied: "It is self-defense. You see, in case I lose my chair I wish to be prepared for any offer you foreigners may make."

The Days of Old Rameses Reproduced

Miss Nina Picton is another of the many American girls who have studied music abroad and returned to show their laurels to their fellow-countrymen. Miss Picton is a Southerner. She went to New York when quite young and there finished her education and entered the world of letters. After writing a successful novel over the pen name of Laura Dearborn, she went to Paris and studied several years under the famous teachers, Madame Ziska and M. Wartel.

PHOTO BY ALFRED, ELLIS & WALERY, LONDON

MISS NINA PICTON

While engaged in this pursuit she devoted much of her leisure to the music and drama of ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome. She put her knowledge to practical use last summer in Paris, where a wealthy family gave an Egyptian night. In this the host and guests took the parts of Rameses, Set, Osiris, Isis, Anubis, and Miss Picton that of a singing-girl of the temple.

The costumes, the music and dance were supposed to have been those of the people of the Nile three thousand years ago.

There were several Americans present, one of whom said, "I am a Tennesseean, and you make me proud of Memphis."

"I am a Tennesseean, and you make me proud of Memphis."

"That's nothing," replied the hostess; "even the property mummies we use are jealous of the Memphis one, and we came very near having a strike."

Joe Jefferson's Family of Actors

Joseph Jefferson, the actor, only plays fourteen weeks during the year. His fall season of eight weeks is now in progress, and when that shall have ended he will rest until spring, when he will play another season of six weeks. In the interim his sons, Thomas, Charles B., Joseph, Jr., and William, go on the road as members of the Jefferson Comedy Company, playing the parts their father has made famous. The part of Rip is taken by Thomas, whose likeness is presented herewith. Charles B. plays Vedder; Joseph, Jr., Garrick, and William takes the rôle of Cockles.

During their father's season the boys take part in his financial and stage management. The two companies are quite distinct and the public are not imposed upon by the youthful actors. Indeed, on the contrary, their performance in many respects is said to be equal to that of their father.

For several years past Thomas, who is a capable and well-trained actor, has been in his father's company as stage manager. Once the old gentleman did not feel equal to playing a one-night stand in Canton, Ohio, so he deputized his son to play "Rip" in his place. The bill did not record the change, and therefore the young man received the full measure of applause that his father always gets. After the performance he went to the leading hotel and bought the finest cigar he could find, and as he smoked he soliloquized after this fashion:

THOMAS JEFFERSON

"Well," said he to himself, "I guess I am something of an actor after all. I rather flatter myself the old man couldn't have done better to-night than I did."

While he was thus pleasantly musing a native stepped up to the cigar stand.

"See the show?" asked the clerk.

"Yep."

"What did you think of it?"

"First rate, all except 'Rip.' Seems to me the old man's failing."

At this point the actor's cigar went out and his sleep that night was not of the soundest. But that was years ago, and since then he has learned many things, among them how to act.

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

A Real Pessimist.—Laurence Gronlund, the famous socialistic writer who died a few weeks ago in New York, was that rare thing, a thorough pessimist. His favorite quotations were Schopenhauer's sentiments of despair and Heine's more cynical lines. One evening, after he had denounced the modern industrial system in savage terms, a friend remarked:

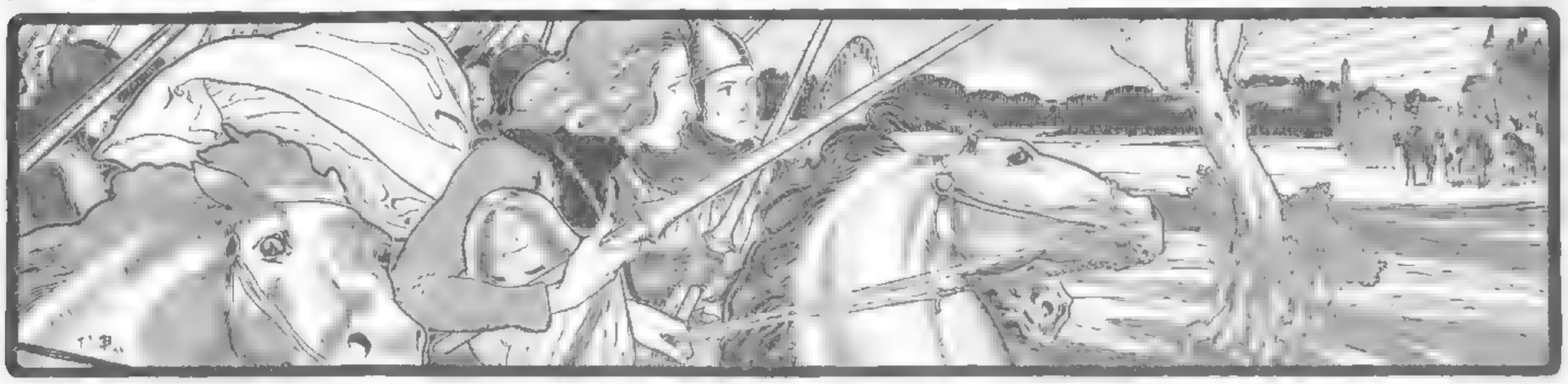
"It is not so bad as Russian despotism, is it?"

"Not quite. The former is the worst possible; the latter the worst conceivable."

Some Ready-Made Law.—Honorable Bourke Cockran studied law under Judge Theodore L. Dwight. One day the Professor asked a question which seemed easy but was really difficult. With his magnificent voice Cockran answered the best he could, adding as a saving clause, "Such, I take it, is the common law." The good old Doctor gleamed benignantly through his spectacles. "That would be all right, sir, if you had made it uncommon law."

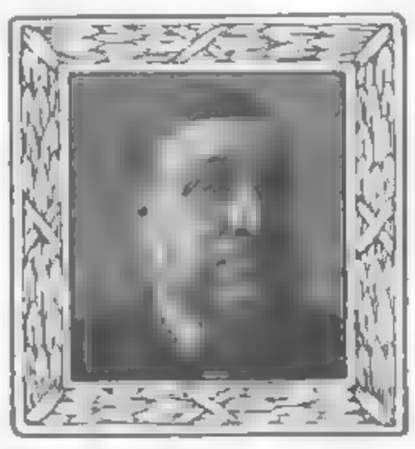
A New Use for Ponies.—General Miles has a keen sense of the humorous even in the excitement of war. When he first landed in Porto Rico at the head of his invading army he was welcomed by nearly all classes. Among his visitors was an elderly native who had never traveled and who never tired of descanting upon the giant size of the Americanos and their horses. He compared a sixteen-hands-high charger with a diminutive Porto Rican steed, and asked the General what was done with the latter in the United States. The Commander replied very solemnly: "We use them to pull baby-carriages with."

PUBLICK OCCURRENCES



The Division of a Vast Continent

If you were to take the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the northern to the southern bound ary lines, and increase the area threefold on the Continent of Africa, you would still have enough land for the Republic of France, the entire German Empire, all of Austria-Hungary, the Kingdom of Italy, all that is left of Spain, and, of course, a few odd corners in which the British Islands could be stored without difficulty. This may give some idea of the enormous extent of that wonderful country. Within the memory of this generation it was practically unknown to the world. Now we find it so full of riches and possibilities that the great nations of Europe are each year sacrificing thousands of lives that they may extend their bound ary lines. Five thousand miles is the length of this great continent, and at its widest part it is 4600 miles. It is the only one of the continents which lies equally to the north and south of the Equator, and it is one which has yielded more romances of discovery, more horrible tales of wanton murder, more surprises in wealth-getting and politics than any other part of the earth in the latter half of the nineteenth century.



Paul Kruger

At present Africa is in the process of division, although most of the grabbing has already been done. Great Britain controls fourteen countries aggregating about 2,600,000 square miles, on which are populations numbering between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000 of people, the vast majority of whom, of course, are blacks. In addition to this, Egypt might be named, because while Egypt and the Egyptian Soudan are nominally under Turkey, they are really controlled by Great Britain, for Great Britain supplies the Khedive with a financial adviser without whose concurrence no financial decision whatever can be taken. France comes next with eight countries which have an area of over 1,200,000 square miles, with populations of nearly 20,000,000 Germany is next with four countries and over 900,000 square miles, with populations exceeding 10,000,000. Then follows Portugal with four countries with an area of 735,000 square miles, populations 4,500,000; then Italy, two countries, 278,000 square miles, 850,000 population; Spain, 243,000 square miles, 136,000 population. Turkey's possessions in Africa, if Egypt be included, would be 798,000 square miles 8,000,000 population. Then in addition to this there is the Congo Independent State, under the sovereignty of the King of the Belgians, with 900,000 square miles and 30,000,000 population.

So we have here about two-thirds of the entire continent under the ownership of European nations, but valueless as much of the 4,000,000 square miles remaining may be—such, for instance, as the Sahara Desert—it is quite certain that it will be claimed and finally secured by some of these Powers.

War in Every Part of Africa

Africa is to-day a place of war. Armies are marching from the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, and there are daily skirmishes and fights about many of which the world never hears. Lord Kitchener's brilliant work in the Soudan is being followed up by other officers, and it will not be stopped until the Mahdi and his tribes are conquered. France has several campaigns along the southern border of the Soudan which will probably result in the killing of a number of natives. France and Germany are fighting the natives in the Kaffir country, and the Sultan of Morocco has a small war with the tribesmen along his southern boundary line. In the first battle the Moors were defeated, and of course the Sultan must keep up the fight until he wins. The tribal wars are always going on, and thus bloodshed in Africa is continuous

There is always one fear in every African war. It is a feeling which finds expression in the dispatches from South Africa. Even in the countries where the white population is largest it is vastly outnumbered by the blacks. In some countries there are a hundred blacks to every white. The feeling of the natives toward the intruders is that of the deepest hatred. If in conflicts between the white settlers either side arouses these natives the results would be horrible, for there are no mercies in savage warfare. In the Transvaal there are 850,000 blacks and 203,000 whites

The Romance of Diamonds and Gold

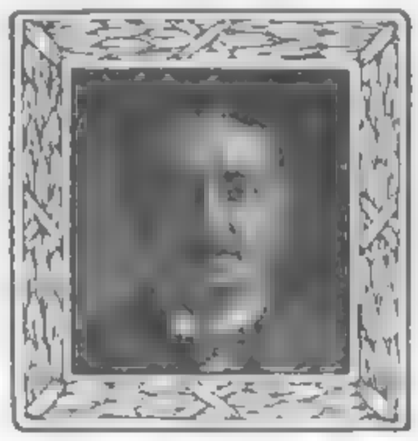
"So long as women are vain and men foolish there will be no diminution in the demand for diamonds." This is the reply credited to Cecil Rhodes, the diamond king, and the cause of most of the disturbances in South Africa, when it was suggested that diamonds might go out of fashion One effect of the war in the Transvaal may be to increase the price of diamonds and to decrease the supply of gold.

Diamonds and gold are the great causes of South African bloodshed. The whole story reads like a romance. John O Reilly, a trader and a hunter, on a trip into the wilderness, passed the night at a farmhouse and saw the children playing with some pretty-looking stones which had a peculiar gleam and glimmer. The finest of these O'Reilly took with him to civilization and found that it was a diamond worth $500. After that, history followed rapidly, and in thirty years the diamonds taken from South Africa exceeded in value $400,000,000. But that is not all. After the diamond discoveries the gold mines were found. Last year Africa produced $74,213,953 of gold to $64,860,800 for Australia and $64,463,000 for the United States. It led the world.

Then followed the thousands of adventurous white men from all parts of the world—men with the fever of wealth within them, men ready for long chances and great risks. Contrast them—these diamond hunters and gold-seekers—with the slow, plodding, unambitious Dutch farmers, and you have the whole situation in a nutshell. Or to understand it better, place behind these nervous white men striving for fortunes within a few months or a few years, and caring nothing for the country except for the quick riches they might get from it, the syndicates and stock companies in London, aggregating hundreds of millions of dollars of gold and diamonds! It is the old story that is ever new.

The Boers and Their Battles

The contact of the Dutch and the English has produced interesting words which are sometimes confusing, but in the main the definitions can be kept clearly in mind. Transvaal means beyond the Vaal River, and in its usual use it is synonymous with the South African Republic, which is the nation that the Boers have sought to establish north of the Vaal. Boer is Dutch for farmer. Uitlanders are men of foreign birth residing in the South African Republic. Treking was traveling in the rude carts from the encroachments of the English.



Cecil Rhodes

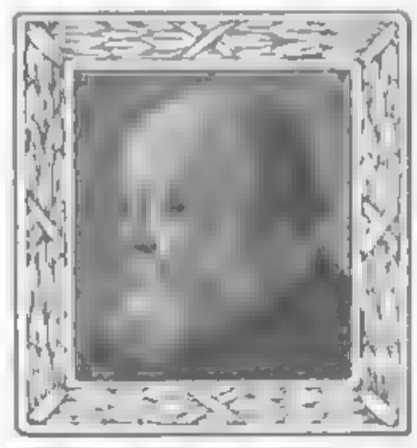
It has been a humble but in some respects a heroic history that these Boers have made. They conquered the savages; they whipped the English troops in a notable battle. Two instances of their prowess may be cited: On December 16, 1838, an army of 460 Boers under Andries Pretorius totally defeated a Zulu Army of 12,000 men, of whom 3000 were killed. On January 28, 1881, the Boers met the British in battle and practically wiped out the British forces, killing the most of them, while their loss was only fourteen killed and wounded. This was the famous battle of Majuba Hill

Since then they have claimed their independence, and it is for that largely that they have been fighting this year.

South Africa a Big Country

It is necessary to bear in mind the great distances in Africa to fully appreciate the situation in the southern part of the continent. You recall in a general way that the Cape of Good Hope is the southern point, but you may not know that it requires a railroad ride of 1040 miles almost due north in order to reach Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, or, more officially speaking, of the South African Republic. In this ride you pass through the Orange Free State, which is acting with the South African Republic in its politics and wars. If you should draw a line on the southern boundary of Pennsylvania, then to the Lakes, and then take in all the country to the St. Lawrence and to the northern limits of Maine, and then down the Atlantic coast to the point of beginning, you would get an area not quite equal to that of Oom Paul's country and his neighbor, the Orange Free State. This gives you some idea of the magnificent stretches of territory even upon the lower end of the African continent

Once this whole country was overrun with lions, elephants and the other great beasts of Africa Even now there are all the leopards that people want, and in the words of Mr Bryce, "a pretty good supply of hyenas" Crocodiles abound, but the ostriches, which used to run wild, are mostly found on ostrich farms. To-day there are railroads, prosperous cities and the appointments of civilization, although the population in proportion to the land is still sparse. It is a high, broad country, is healthy as the average, but lacking in forests, and without the means of supporting a crowded popula



Lord Salisbury

The white population of South Africa, according to the President of the United Chambers of Commerce of that country, is about 820,000, as follows: Cape Colony and Bechuanaland, 460 000, of whom 265,200 are Dutch and 194,800 English; Basutoland, 300,000 Dutch, 35,000 English; Orange Free State, 78,100 Dutch, 15,600 English; Natal and Zululand, 6500 Dutch, 45,500 English; Transvaal, 80,000 Dutch, 123,650 English; Rhodesia, 1500 Dutch and 8500 English. Throughout the blacks far outnumber the whites

A Look Into the Future

No one is so foolish as to think that Great Britain, with all its mighty power, will not be able to crush the little South African State which is fighting against its domination. Sympathize as much as we may with the Boer, we must recognize that he is ignorant, bigoted and unprogressive. He stands in the way of the material development of his country, and the history of civilization has shown that the race which does this is as certain of disaster as the Indian who stood upon the railroad track and tried to stop the locomotive. It is pitiful, and it undoubtedly enlists our sentiments, but it is one of those situations in which the results are almost certain

Already the world is looking to the future of that country. The dream of Cecil Rhodes was for a great English colony taking in all the southern part of Africa, and being governed somewhat along the lines of Canada –practically independent, but acknowledging allegiance to the British Crown. Connected with this are vast schemes for the development of the continent –a great railroad to run from Cairo to the Cape. Already about one-half of such a line is in operation, and if the English pursue their plans the present generation may live to see a stretch of steel from the Mediterranean to Cape Town. It is hardly possible that the country would ever be thickly settled with a white population, but as long as its mines yield fortunes there would be profit in the undertaking. It is another illustration of the great fact that to-day business is making war, establishing peace, ruling thrones, and fixing the boundaries of the world.

The Great SETTING of Everlasting Hills

By Hayden Carruth

THE freedom with which the denizens of the place came into the office and pied the type was something rather remarkable. Colonel Slocum expressed the opinion that we "oughter glue it together so it wouldn't be so durned touchy," and we really gave the suggestion serious attention. Mr. Milo Bush did not often disturb the type, but his conversational displays were sometimes rather disconcerting. We were forced to bear the brunt of his numerous stories, most of the older residents being immune from many repetitions. His idea seemed to be that nothing was too stiff for us, especially after he had made a show of paying something on his subscription—an adroit operation which consisted in turning in a quarter with considerable flourish and borrowing half a dollar the next day.

One day, after having performed the first part of this transaction, he dropped both feet into the capacious waste basket and told a story of one Hendershot, a former more or less mythical resident of the town. I had heard other stories of Hendershot from both Mr. Bush and Abner Blackmark, and I am inclined to think that he at some time existed.

"Well, now, Hendershot was all right," said Mr. Bush on the occasion in question. "You know about Hendershot—Hi Hendershot, who used to run the Headquarters Hotel? Hendershot—yes, yes, quite a man, Hendershot was. Couldn't tell you all about Hendershot if I took a week off. Wish't I had all the money I lent Hendershot," and he heaved a sigh meant to be pathetic, as calmly as if he didn't know that I knew he never lent any money to anybody in his life, but, on the contrary, owed money to every man in town.

Reckless, Hendershot was, with his money. Bet on some fool thing, or give it away, or lose it, or anything. Hadn't thought of Hendershot for a dog's age till last night when I was a-reading that item in your paper about the hen's egg old Deacon Brown fetched you, eight inches in diameter. [The egg was eight inches in circumference, but Mr. Bush never recognized such minor points of mere fact.] Made me think of Hendershot's old speckled hen, Everlasting. Everlasting Hills was her full name, 'cause she sot just like rm, or more so. More so, I reckon, 'cause a yearthquake will wreck a hill a good deal, but it couldn't never move that old hen. She never spent any time laying eggs like the Deacon's, nor no other size, not so fur as I ever heard. Her object in life was setting.

'She *preferred* eggs to set on, but when they wa'n't handy, wasn't above anything else. Next to real eggs, of course, she'd take artificial ones—these here china nesteggs. Seemed to get more satisfaction out of 'em than she could out of cornco[illegible] or a piece of chalk, or a brickbat. Next to porcelain eggs she cottoned to doorknobs, white fust, brindle if she couldn't get white. Preferred 'em on the ground, but, if necessary, could fly up and make the attempt to hatch 'em out right on the door, bracing one foot on the key, and squawking a good deal down in her throat if anybody opened the door. Powerful hand to go Quawk! quawk!—just like that—way down in her throat, if she was disturbed when she was setting. Hopped on to the back platform of the passenger train one day and sot down on the bright head of a bolt. Seen her mistake at the second station down, and come back on the freight, setting on a chunk of coal in the tender. Cyclone blowed away the c[illegible] one day, but old Everlasting just froze to the ground and kept the broken teacup she was setting on safe and warm. Most of her feathers had been snaked off by the force of the wind, but when old Hendershot went out, tickled half to death to see her there, and tried to put her on the back, she just squawked down in her throat and snatched a dab at his hand which drew the blood. Gamiest hen in the Territory; if a b'iling volcanner had bust out in the back yard she'd a-blistered her feet setting on the stones it hove up.

"But the old hen wasn't such a blamed fool, after all. When she had sot on anything three weeks without results she begun to get suspicious, and to sort o' look hard with one eye 'fore she got back on the nest. Then when another week was up, she would just light out and leave whatever it was and look around for something else. Her judgment was bad on making fust choice, but she knowed when she'd got enough.

Well, it run along till that hen had sot on just about everything in sight, and she was getting pretty hard up for setting material. One day Hendershot was in the billiard-room having a game with Judge Longsdorf, and he was a-nursing the balls, gentle like, down along the rail into one corner, when suddenly that old critter of a speckled hen up and flew into the winder with two squawks and forty clucks, snatched a dab at the cue, and just gathered them four balls under her wing and sot down on 'em, and closed her eyes peaceful, and begun to breathe deep and steady, as much as to say, 'Thank heaving, at last I am rewarded!'

Well, at fust Hendershot was plumb[illegible]nt. Then says he: 'Boys, don't tech her! Give the l[illegible] a chance! Bet you she never stirs for four weeks 'cept once a day to get a bite to eat.' Hendershot, he couldn't be satisfied, and kept walking around the hen and trying to rig up some scheme to get a bet on her. Offered five to one on her ag'in any other hen, and said the other man might provide his hen with a regular nest and china eggs. Said he'd put Everlasting ag'in any other two hens, the others to follow each other. Finally offered to bet that the fowl would hatch out the billiard balls, red and white ivory chickens, but everybody fit shy of even this offer, 'cause nobody knowed what the old speckled thing couldn't do. Finally he give up, and said he'd just make an exhibition set of it, and chalked down the date on the wall, and told strangers who dropped in that it was a grand set ag'in time, an attempt to lower the world's record under the auspices of the International Setting Hen Association.

'Along toward night, when Hendershot was standing and admiring her, and pointing out that she hadn't moved a feather since she sot down, in come a sandy-haired feller with a red face, and wearing one of these fore-and-aft caps, and funny looking clothes generally, and squinted his eyes around and seen the hen, and said the feller:

'"Oh, I say," says he, just like that—"oh, I say, you know, what's the blooming bird on the table for?"

'"She's a setting on four billiard balls," answers Hendershot, proud as Lucifer.

"YOU BLAMED OLD SPECKLED FRAUD"

"Extrordinary, by jove!" says the feller; "does she think she can hatch 'em?"

"'That's her idee. And *I* don't know but she might—you hear wot I say?" says Hendershot, swelling up with pride.

"'Oh, I say, now, she'll soon get tired of that, you know. Hens can't hatch out billiard balls.'

"'Bet you twenty-five dollars she keeps trying for three weeks, anyhow,' answers Hendershot.

"'I'll go you on that,' says the feller.

"'Bet you fifty dollars she keeps at it the fourth week,' says Hendershot.

"'Go you again,' says the feller.

"'Bet you a hundred she holds out the fifth week,' keeps on Hendershot, getting excited.

"'Take that, too,' comes back the feller.

"'All right,' says Hendershot; 'put up your money.'

"'Oh, I say, I'm not used to that, you know. Don't do that way in England, my dear sir. We're gentlemen—I'll just record it in my betting-book, you know,' and he pulls out a small book and looks along down the page and sort o' begins reading to hisself, like this: 'His 'Ighness, fifty guineas on the sweepstake; Juke of Slackwater, a pony on the Goodwood cup; Lady Bink, box o' gloves,' and then he scratched down something, saying, 'Landlord, $175 on hen.'

'Well, Hendershot he caught right on, and he wa'n't to be outdone, so says he, 'Of course that's all right, my lord—both gentlemen—certainly—I'll just put it down in *my* betting-book,' and he dragged out a copy of the Smith Patent Pill Company's Farmers' and Mechanics' Account Book and runs his finger down the page, sort o' talking to *hisself*—'The President, five hundred on hoss-trot; Chief Justice Supreme Court, $40 on dog-fight,' and then he scratched down, 'Stray Englishman, $175 on Everlasting Hills.'

'Then says the feller: 'I'm out on a little hunting trip—think I'll just stay at your house.' Well, Hendershot was tickled to have him, and put him in the best room in the house, and give orders that nothing was too good for him. And he was just the kind that knowed good things, and he went right in and made hisself at home—had extra grub every meal, lively teams each day to go out hunting perahrie chickens, and all that kind o' thing, and run up a bill like the national debt. But Hendershot was tickled to death over it, and used to spend half his time talking with the feller 'bout the Jukes and things he knowed in England.

'And old Everlasting just sot on. They left the winder open so she could get out when she wanted to. It was always her way to hop off the nest just at sunrise every morning, and hustle around and pick up a handful or two of gravel and be back on in ten minutes. Every morning before breakfast Hendershot took a look at her, and during the day he had his eye on her most of the time. Fenced off that corner of the room so she wouldn't be disturbed, and put up a shade so's the light wouldn't hurt her eyes.

'Well, at the end of three weeks Hendershot couldn't hardly contain hisself, 'cause he'd won the first bet. 'That's ag'in me, 'pon my honor,' says the Britisher, noting it down in his book, 'but I'll win on the next week's,' and he give his bill another h'ist. Once Hendershot presented his bill, but the Britisher waved it away sort o' graceful and said he'd fix it when they settled the bets. 'That's all right, my lord,' says Hendershot. 'All gentlemen, you know,' and the Britisher boosted his livery bill again.

"When the fourth week ended the hen was still setting right along, and the Englishman owned up beat ag'in. Come one way at the end of the fifth week. Hendershot was so tickled that he couldn't hardly talk. 'But I say, you ought to give me a chance for my revenge,' says the Britisher; 'go you another week for two hundred.' 'All right,' says Hendershot. And he won ag'in, I'll be hanged if he didn't. 'Double the bet and go you ag'in,' says the Englishman. 'British pluck, you know—never say die.' Hendershot agreed, with some remark about the American eagle. 'Tell you what,' says he to Judge Longsdorf, 'old Everlasting is just making the set of her life. It's the billiard balls being so natural, you see. Been used to corncobs and chunks of bricks so long that a billiard ball gives her new hope. I'll go him one more week at $800 if she holds out and he'll do it.'

Well, she held out all right enough, and the Britisher was ready to try it ag'in. 'England expects every man to do his duty,' says he. 'There you are, Mr. Landlord.'

"The eighth week was up at four o'clock a Thursday afternoon, and they'd agreed it was to be the last. A few minutes before four Hendershot was walking about pretty nervous, with one eye on old Everlasting.

'She's a-going to do it,' says he. 'She ain't moved a feather. She's right there. See a-winning money for me. To-night I'll give her a nest and thirteen eggs as her reward. Yes, sir; thirteen genyoine *eggs*, you understand—eggs that will hatch. She's the greatest fowl in the United States. I'll back old Everlasting Hills ag'in the world.'

Just then in walks the clerk and says he: 'That Englishman left on the one o'clock train. Did he pay his bill?'

'Great beeswax, no!' yells Hendershot. 'Two hundred dollars, if it's a cent! Nor the bet, neither. You blamed old speckled fraud!' and he reaches over and gives the hen a poke with the billiard cue, and she rolls over with her feet up.

"Then Judge Longsdorf picks her up and she didn't weigh more than six ounces. 'Why,' says he, 'she's got glass eyes and wire in her neck. That feller must 'a' been a taxidermist and stuffed her about four weeks ago!'

Well, when Hendershot could stand up without help he said some things—also without help; but there's no use of my telling you what they was, 'cause they wasn't things you could print in your paper, and there's no sense in your bothering with things you can't use. Just go ahead and make an editorial of this, and draw a moral on the sinfulness of betting if you want to, which I've always said it was, ever since I bet ag'in my own hoss and the critter got scared and run away, and come in ten rods ahead, which I'll tell you about some other time," and he went out and left me to finish the article I was writing, urging people to dig deeper cyclone cellars.

The JINRIKISHA MAN

A Tale of Student *Life in the* Imperial University *of* JAPAN

By Adachi Kinnosuké

I HAD just gained the brow of Kudan Hill. Tokyo was a vague dream at my feet. Not being a prophet or a cat I could not see my home; still, man is a fool, and I am a man, and I strained my eyes through the night stretch of five miles toward Aoyama. And my feet weighed down upon my *geta* as heavily as melancholia.

I looked about for a jinrikisha man.

"*Oi! kuruma-ya!*" I called. When he came to me: "To Aoyama, how much?"

"Twenty five sen."

Without another word—I was too weak for a controversy for economy's sake—I literally fell into his *kuruma* like a withered flower—minus the color, the perfume and the grace of it. I did not even take the trouble of directing him; but of course the carriage horse is very much more intelligent in Japan than it is in the West. However, I had, in an exceedingly vague way, an impression that I had heard his voice before; and, while drowsiness was kidnapping my brain, I recalled in that mysterious way—somewhat similar to that in which the Buddhist would tell you we recall the experiences of a former life—I remembered that there was something familiar about the face of the jinrikisha man. But sometimes one cannot take interest in anything.

In a certain jilted, ostracized corner of the Yotsuya District of the city of Tokyo there was an old cottage. It was in its second childhood; and even if you happened to be an Englishman, you could not help but smile at it. The saddest breath of wind would set it dancing on its tipsy toes.

Its thatched roof had more vegetation on it than an ordinary garden, and its wooden pillars more worms and history than the Imperial archives.

A lady lived in it. She was a fragrant memento of the elder elegance of the *samurai* days in Japan, left lonely like the spring aroma amid the melancholy of the wintering autumn—one of those refined protests, not too rare even among the society of to day, but becoming ever rarer, against the beef and brick barbarism called civilization. The new order of things descending so abruptly upon the romance and dreams of our cherry scented feudal days had been very unkind to this lady. The commercial conscience of a certain merchant was rather distant from Nirvana so long as there was a single piece of gold left in her possession. Her husband, like an orthodox *samurai*, disdained to survive the fall of Tokugawa-Shogunate; and so she was left alone to look after a large estate and her son. Seeing that she and money had a very distant understanding of each other, this particular merchant took a serious interest in her financial affairs and found it profitable. That, of course, was some years ago, and now the merchant had forgotten her completely, and she lived in that cottage, as frail as herself; and there, also, lived Sakata Kenji, her son.

Poverty, starvation, humiliation, social ostracism, and all the other disagreeable things, however, were not strong enough to keep her son from the Middle School and the Higher Middle School, or even from the Imperial University.

The University asked questions about her son:

"Yes, he is a splendid racer, but who on earth is he?"

When any one inquired further concerning Sakata, the boys would point toward the Department of Archæology with an enlightening flash in their eyes: "Go there and you may be able to learn something about him!" Boys rarely make a mistake in a thing of this sort, and, to be sure, there was something about the young man that called to life the things which had been a memory for many, many a day. But it was no use; Sakata would not associate with any of the boys. And so, of the love affairs of angels and of this Sakata, people knew less of the latter.

His mother, the lady of the old cottage, was very far from knowing all the details of his life. Not a night but she heard her son make the fading darkness creaking mad as he mounted the rickety stairs toward the break of day. She knew that her boy was studying all the night long with some of his friends, for he told her so; and woman would believe him whom she loves, and takes delight in hurling scornful laughter at the keenness of her second vision, called intuition: a much surer gift of sight than the eyes of the flesh.

We were classmates, Sakata Kenji and I. And one night Hisada, another classmate of mine, came to me. "Look here," he said, "I'm confoundedly tired of seeing Sakata carry off honors, world without end. I'm going to try my very best this time—going to give up everything for it. I'll win or die!"

Because I smiled at him good-naturedly he took a serious offense at me. As I expected, as all his friends expected, Sakata repeated his triumph as usual. And it was this Hisada who said to me a few weeks after his defeat:

"Do you know—guess what marvelous news I have for you?" I never saw him so happy in all my life.

"Do you know that we have a jinrikisha man in our most dignified class? The most august champion racer of the University! Aha! ha! ha!"

"Horse and deer!" exclaimed I. [illegible]

And all of a sudden the ride I took from Kudan Hill came back to my mind.

"Oh, you don't believe me, of course. I rode in his *kuruma* last night!"

After that, all through the rest of the Junior year, and through the Senior year as well, Sakata Kenji was known as "jinrikisha man" among the students, and Hisada rose in their estimation as a clever detective.

Another classmate I had, Mino Yakichi by name.

He was the only son of a wealthy merchant, and rather clever, but his head was really so large, and as usual—for comedy ever insists on embracing tragedy in a certain set of good people—he knew nothing of the balloon on his shoulders. His ambition, also, was Grecian; and he believed in Demosthenes as never he did in the eight million gods of his fathers. He was not wholly responsible for his passion, for his father before him was a poet with a long tongue—in a commercial way, I mean—and, as a matter of fact, it was the gift of speech and his commercial imagination—I could use a harsher word, but then I fear I would be thought to be too truthful—that won him the wealth of Sakata's mother. And this son of his father was a candidate for the oratorical honor of the year.

Sakata, who raced better than any one else in the whole University, could do a few more things. He also was a candidate; and the man who staked on Sakata's chance of winning the distinction of an orator for the year was not considered a downright fool.

Of the five contestants, the son of the wealthy merchant was worthy of note. Tears wanted—and he forthwith became a blubbering baboon. And at the sublime apex of indignation one recalled a bellowing milch cow. Many other wonderful things he did with a marvelous, miraculous—ah! that is the word!—skill. One thing is very certain: I swear that no one else could have done the same thing he did.

By the side of such an orator, Sakata, who did not do anything specially but stand rather quietly and open his mouth and give wings to something heaven bred and very intoxicating, could hardly be mentioned. And the cultured mob rose in their suppressed enthusiasm—for in spite of all the whitewash and red-waistcoated varnish of civilization, the blood of these young men was too deeply tinted with the refinement of elder elegance to behave as if the depth of emotions were all in the sounds—and proclaimed the son of the merchant the winner of the contest. They were so sure of it, those boys, that many of them went up to the enviable orator and congratulated him for the victory.

At last it came—the distribution of prizes.

The Minister of Education rose from his chair on the platform. In his hand he held the prize for the winner of the oratorical contest. Every one looked at him and then at Mino Yakichi, the son of the wealthy merchant. There was a strange light on his face that was neither on land nor on the sea, nor yet on the knees of a student's trousers.

The Minister of Education said:

"The world feels very comfortable in thinking that there are a few things that the older can say to the younger. I, however, am not so sure about it. Still, the old have said many things to the young. And the famous words of Masashige (perhaps the ablest military genius Japan has ever produced) to his son come to me whenever I stand before a body of young men like this. 'The *sendan* is fragrant even when it has but two tiny leaves above the dirt.'

It seems that one of you has proved himself to be a *sendan* to your honorable judges. Young gentlemen, has it been your good fortune to make a favorable acquaintance of a kindly pawnbroker? (Floody mirth.) Have you ever succeeded in working yourself into his good graces—ah! what a disheartening road to travel!—to the point that he would look upon your promissory note as a good enough security? Well, what I hold in my hand is a receipt of a promissory note which one of you has given to the large pawnbroker called Public, more exacting and malicious and merciless than your good friend of a certain narrow alley. And so, Heaven have mercy on your soul if you fail to make your promise good. And now——" He paused.

"Will you condescend to step to the platform——"

Mino Yakichi rose in his seat, breaking the sentence of the Minister in the middle.

"Will you condescend to step to the platform——" (looking at the card upon which the winner's name was written)——"Mr. Sakata Kenji."

"The jinrikisha man!" the boys gasped in one breath.

It was heard all over the house. For the first time the appellation brought color to the cheeks of Sakata Kenji. But when he rose to his feet he was quite pale.

The Minister of Education had heard a vague rumor of the student who pulled a jinrikisha. Sakata was approaching him. The Minister turned to the President of the University:

"Is that he, the puller of a *kuruma*?"

"So I have heard—so gossip seems to have it."

The Minister meant to launch the young winner of the prize into the favor of the public with a gracious word or two, at once a eulogium and an encouragement. But, when Sakata stood before him, the Minister was perfectly dumb. [illegible] therefore, the prize was given; with a silent bow [illegible] received it. Silently the entire auditorium watched him walk back to his seat beside his mother.

They smiled at each other, the mother and the son. The son laid the jeweled medal on the lap of his mother. The old mother's fingers trembled upon it in a caress; then her white head dropped flowerlike over it. The son bit his lip in a terrible struggle to dam back the floodlike emotion. That was too much!

The entire house heaved and sobbed like one broken heart.

DO YOU KNOW THAT WE HAVE A JINRIKISHA MAN IN OUR MOST DIGNIFIED CLASS?

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Aristocrat and Democrat

THE doctrine of the mean is as good for us as it was for Confucius. The Superior Man is still one who sees the element of truth in all convictions and is able to harmonize them in a higher unity. He is neither a stupid conservative nor an unseasoned radical. He understands both men, and he surrounds their partial truths with his own larger vision of the world

The same spirit should mould our thought when we consider the Aristocrat and the Democrat. There is a type of man who stands on a higher ground than either of these, and comprehends them both in his larger humanity

I am minded to quote from a wise old book: "Every democracy is sustained from sinking into ruin by the infusion of an aristocratic element. Every aristocracy is preserved by the evolution of a democratic element throughout the body. These two elements are complements in society." The man who is wholly an aristocrat is a mere foolish fellow, weak and vain, hard and cold; the man who is a mere democrat is low and vulgar, stupid and brutish, ferocious and intolerant

As a man enters into his larger humanity his nature begins to flower; he refines; he becomes reticent, courteous, dignified; preserves his place; builds space about himself; holds his presence sacred; carries a fine *moral* into fineness of manner; ceases to intrude; selects his company; knows how to maintain distances; abhors vulgarity; loathes cant; will have nothing to do with gossip; distils, as it were, the essence of his virtues into his daily ways; and so, refining and refining, moves onward with the weight of an ever-growing character.

Worth makes weight, and weight makes aristocracy in its best sense. But the weightier a man becomes the less he is disposed to look upon the weight in himself as anything of a mere private and personal value. For he knows that it is not he, but gravitation—that is, divine force pressing to centres. In the greatest of men humility is their most touching attribute. Pride is for fools, but the wise man sits in lowlihood, looking up because lifting up. He who trains himself in bearing burdens for his kind learns full well that the last ends of the burden are in the hands of God. Men who lift, believe; and their belief is silent, substanced adoration; but the stronger a man is in real force the more he hides his forces.

These appear only on the occasions which require them. Washington goes home to his farm after his long effort to lay the foundation of the Republic. Shakespeare rests from the creation of a literature, complete in itself as a world, and he is content to be a plain burgess of his native town. "The career of Christ is the world's enigma." He was the most aristocratic of men, the most democratic also. He was the loftiest in self-respect, the least in self-importance; demanding all things for His service; claiming nothing for His private personality.

Humanity requires at the present time not a great character of the extremes, but a great character of the centre; one who with one hand shall clasp the aristocracy and with the other the democracy of the race and reconcile them in his own lofty and comprehensive character

—EDWIN MARKHAM.

Peace and Its Prophets

WITH war as a foremost topic for the two great English-speaking nations, there is more than passing interest in the views of two notable men who are pointing to a future in which war shall be impossible. M Bloch, from the point of a military student, holds that the perfection of long-range weapons is soon to make a European conflict too suicidal to be considered by either the dual or triple alliance. Count Leo Tolstoi, calling upon the Christian citizens of the world, urges upon the individual to refuse military service on the high ground of the Scriptural injunction, "Thou shalt not kill." Thus each is prophetic of that millennial future in which we shall have the poet's "federation of the world"

To the worldly student of men and things, however, it is to be regretted that the views of these men are more commendable for their optimism than for their practical application to conditions.

But with reference to M. Bloch's position, it may be doubted if to the present armed peace of Europe the possibilities of long-range guns and high explosives present terrors that did not exist in the breasts of primitive men, armed with the rude weapons of the Stone Age. All that military evolution has done for war has been to increase distances between firing-lines. Commodore Perry won his famous victory of 1813 almost within pistol shot of the British fleet; Commodore Dewey, in Manila Bay, fought at such a range that the effects of his broadsides could not be seen by his naked eye. Yet, in results, these victories were equally complete.

In naval warfare the grappling-chain and the cutlass are obsolete. In the infantry arm of the service the bayonet has outlived its usefulness. Yet in proportion to numbers no slaughter in the history of the world may be expected to equal that which once followed the boarding of a fleet by an enemy, or the cheering bayonet charge of a body of infantry when meeting with stubborn resistance.

In a great measure the late war with Spain failed to prove the anticipated destructive power of modern armaments. Millions of dollars in costly explosives were virtually wasted by Sampson's fleet in shelling Cuban and Porto Rican defenses. In proportion to the number of shots fired in the destruction of Cervera's fleet, Schley's gunners made few hits. Certainly they did not prove that modern guns and gunnery had offset the increased fighting range and the possibilities of ship manœuvrings

Self-preservation, as one of the primal instincts in mankind, must extend to the armed hosts of any country. If fighting at five hundred yards is to be suicidal, then the fighting range will be increased. Military tactics will be changed to meet any condition. No such condition ever can make for a world-peace. When that peace does come, it will have had some higher impulse than is to be found in the excitation of brute fear. —HOLLIS W. FIELD

Gossip, even at best, is never harmless.

Insomnia and Sympathy

THERE are many misfortunes for which it is vain to expect sympathy. In the days of more minute "belief" than ours you attributed the misfortunes of those who did not agree with you to the direct vengeance of Heaven, and never thought of pitying them. In the wicked days of English comedy nobody sympathized with husbands whose wives deceived them. There are certain classes of men who may expect sympathy at no time—stout men, for example, whose woes are always supposed to be comic, on the stage or off, whereas very thin, haggard and poetical men are affecting if they have mislaid a buttonhook.

But among all the vagaries of sympathies and callousness the attitude of otherwise kind folk toward bad sleepers is the least obviously explicable. One solitary bad night may be received with conventional expressions of regret; the second is more perfunctorily dismissed; the third is received without comment as a matter of course; the fourth is regarded as a joke, and the fifth, the point where normal humanity is deprived of thought and common presence of mind and almost of speech, is regarded as a bore, and the sufferer is reckoned a preposterous egotist for mentioning it.

More undesigned brutality is shown over this than over any other matter. And it is really hard to comprehend.

Sympathy, with ordinarily good natured persons, is simply an affair of imagination. It is difficult to sympathize with misfortunes altogether outside one's ken; men who have always been wealthy are apt to look upon the troubles of impecuniosity as a joke; cold-blooded people can make no allowance for temptation, and so forth. But hardly anybody is quite without experience of sleeplessness. Even those healthy monsters who boast that they go to sleep as soon as they touch the pillow must have known nights when an unwonted noise, or the necessity of a vigil, or a toothache—I do not like to think that anybody is *quite* free from pain throughout life—has kept them awake.

But the occasion seems to be forgotten at once and for ever, and as I have said, the accounts of the bad sleepers are received first with conventional nothingness, then with a silly laugh, and then with a brutal jeer. Part of the explanation may be in the universal belief that the professors of insomnia are always liars. The belief is tolerably well justified, I admit. I myself, in the course of my own insomnia, have listened to the snores of sleepers in the next room who came down in the morning with harrowing tales of wakefulness on their perjured lips. But if exaggeration be allowed for and the said accounts divided by half still there should be room for pity. But no; it would seem that the healthy sleepers cannot believe that a man may lie awake with no compelling cause of noise and pain—in fact, they will seldom admit mere noise to be a sufficient cause, the snoring brutes! This evil of callousness is growing in extent, for as our ridiculous system of civilization progresses bad nerves are becoming the rule, and with them insomnia. But the good sleepers will never understand

For example, in the strenuous life which is often lived in English country houses you are expected to be able to go to bed in the early hours of the morning and get up some six hours later for some sport or for the mere perversity of early rising, which is all very well if you can sleep the whole six, as do the Heaven-favored sleepers, but if you *must* read for two hours first—— Yes, there is a growing tyranny of the minority of good sleepers, a monstrous oligarchy of the iron-nerved, with their splendid appetites and loud laugh of a morning. . . . It is a blot on humanitarian humanity

—G. S. STREET.

The active congregation makes the useful church.

The Best Way to Settle Disputes

IT REQUIRED fifty-seven large boxes to contain the papers belonging to the English side of the Venezuela arbitration. They weighed nearly twelve thousand pounds. The speeches before the court will fill large volumes which few persons will ever read. There was almost as much matter and speech-making on the other side, so that we have here a material illustration of what a great arbitration means.

Since the decision of the court some months ago not a week has passed that there have not been new comments upon the outcome of the proceedings. It is all an apt illustration of the fact that a compromise satisfies no one. While Great Britain got by far the better of the contest, and nearly all of the territory that she claimed, especially all the gold-fields, her journals find fault because she did not also obtain the mouths of the Barima and Orinoco rivers. Venezuela does not disguise her disgust at losing so much and getting so little, although she did obtain an important part of her claim. It has followed, therefore, that writers on all sides have endeavored to show that arbitration is not so successful as its friends would have the world believe. But surely such a conclusion is singularly unjust. Here was a situation that was strained almost to the point of war. It had been going on for over sixty years and had threatened to involve leading nations of the two hemispheres. By the insistence of the United States—an insistence that amounted almost to a threat—the matter was taken before an international court and was finally and irrevocably settled. Of course the greatest victory was with the United States. It succeeded when all the other efforts had failed, and maintained the principle that no European nation can possess disputed territory in the Western Hemisphere except through arbitration.

With the two leading nations of the earth both at war with weaker peoples it is easy for some of the friends of arbitration to lose hope in the final victory of the principle. But they should not forget that the human race is still very human, and that we can hardly expect a warless world until we become a sinless race. In the meantime, there is no question whatever about the tremendous growth of arbitration in the convictions and sympathies of the people. It is stronger because it is right. —LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Consideration for others is the test of gentility.

A Cent

A YOUNG man came to a great Eastern city. He bought a newspaper from a little fellow on a street corner and gave him a nickel for it. The child counted out four cents and offered them as change. The young man had come from the West. There seemed to him to be something insolently trivial about a cent. He looked at the tattered boy with eyes that expressed a personal compassion and a commercial contempt, and refused the change.

The young man stayed in the city and grew older in several ways. One day when he had bought a one-cent newspaper from a boy and accepted the change he recalled the fine contempt with which he had treated the copper coin in other days. He wondered if he had become smaller and meaner—if a system of greed which confers magnitude upon molecules had destroyed his primal generosity.

He was not the first to miss the real meaning of a cent—a coin which, instead of minimizing life, represents the spread of the refinements, the more exquisite human capacities. The schoolbooks tell us that a dollar is the unit of value, but they were made in a duller age and we have not had time to change them. The real unit is the cent—the basis upon which coal is dug, wheat grown and products manufactured. A dollar is as useless for the delicate manipulations of commerce as a language of nouns would be for poetry. The cent fits like an adjective into the complexities of the time—pays the laborer the exact amount that he can earn, shades to a nicety the value of every article produced, and, by the minuteness of the differentiation which it creates, adds incalculably to the avenues and rewards of human effort. It seemed a petty thing to the young man from the West that even a child should be called upon to engage in any transaction for a cent, and yet it was doubtless the ability to sell his commodity for that price which made it possible for the newsboy to earn a living. In few ways has the fractionizing of life worked more benefits than in the additional employment which has been afforded to the children of the poor by the vast circulations of the one-cent papers

Life develops toward the subtleties, and no doubt in time—bar cataclysms—the cent will become too clumsy, and ultra-refined civilization will find its unit of value in the mill

—FRED NYE.

Americans *in* Paris

Every afternoon during the summer a carriage and pair of brown horses used to draw up at the door of the Langham Hotel in the Rue Boccador. A moment later a brisk little gentleman would appear on the hotel steps. He wore the frock coat and silk hat of statesmanship, but his smartly trimmed beard and the flower in his buttonhole gave him quite a youngish air—a touch of the *boulevardier*. He was accompanied by a young matron, perceptibly taller than himself. He would hand her into the carriage, take his place, say "*Au Bois*," and the carriage would roll away. Then the hotel porter, who had been ducking at the door, would remark to an inquisitive Parisian: "It is Monsieur Harrison, the President of the United States

"Oh," said the Parisian, "they have Presidents there so; how strange!

In fact General Harrison's daily drive became quite an event in the early autumnal days when Paris was dull and even slight amusements were worth looking for. With Mrs Harrison he visited a few of the theatres, the shops and "things that must be seen"—in a word, he did his duty as a tourist and husband; but the larger part of the time he gave to the preparation of his great speech on the Venezuela question.

As I daresay you know, the arbitration proceedings dragged along almost all summer. The great English lawyers argued and queried. General Benjamin F. Tracy answered and was answered. Then, finally, ex-President Harrison closed the case for Venezuela. His speech lasted four days, and, for the first time in the history of the proceedings, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on the Quai d'Orsay was crowded to the doors. Not only the English and American visitors to Paris made it a point to be present—for it was an international occasion—but the big hall was crowded with French orators, lawyers and statesmen. Legal arguments are not usually interesting, but General Harrison's eloquence, which is of the forthright, incisive sort, would lend interest to a discussion of logarithms. He stirred up the dry bones of that old international controversy until even the women in the gallery rippled applause.

■

In spite of the fact that the Tribunal Arbitral was anything but a junket, the distinguished members enjoyed themselves in Paris. Chief Justice Fuller made his home at the new Palace Hotel in the Champs Élysées, but the greater part of his leisure time was passed among the stalls of old books that line the quays. One day you might meet him far over in the Latin quarter browsing over the old folios of dead learning, and the next day you would find him under the shadow of the Louvre, delving in dusty boxes and buried books. Justice Fuller could write the history of the bookstalls of Paris as it has never been written. He knows them as well as the average tourist knows the gray stretches of boulevard asphalt. Justice Brewer was a guest at the same hotel, while General Tracy had an apartment in the Rue Lubeck.

Hospitable Paris even stretched a point in hospitality. There were receptions of all sorts for the commissioners and their wives. Perhaps the most notable was that given by the American Ambassador at his palace in the Rue Villejust. General Porter is not only a charming host, but he possesses one of the most remarkable houses in Paris. It was built by M. Spitzer, whose art collection—dispersed a few years ago—was epoch making in its way. The public rooms on the first floor are capable of holding two thousand guests, and it was there that the American visitors met the American colony. It may safely be said that they found no sadness in exile. Indeed, a spice of exile now and then is no bad thing for any one. There is a profitable lesson in the adventure of Ovid. He wrote bad verse in Rome, you remember, so they banished him to a far-away land, where he drank mare's milk under the leather tents of the Samaritans—and sang like a nightingale.

■

Emma Calvé came up from her chateau at Cabrières the other day. I met her in the studio of Denys Puech, the sculptor, where she was posing—for her tomb. She was dressed as Ophelia, and lay among reeds and water flowers—as in that famous scene where she sings her death song, a poor, mad little Ophelia, slipping away from love and life into the shining waters. All this and a great deal more you may read in M. Puech's clay sketch of Calvé's tomb. Next year it is to be exposed at the salon, and then it will be laid away until—

"I do not see why I should not choose my own tomb," said the *prima donna*, pushing back the long tresses of Ophelia's wig; "it is not affectation. And Ophelia expresses me. She is my symbol."

"There is a little of Ophelia in every woman," said M. Puech.

"Yes," Calvé replied, rearranging the reeds of the river, "and to sleep forever under a white and marble Ophelia who is at once the symbol of myself and of my art—that is my dream."

I have always thought that being a woman was a complicated affair, but being a *prima donna*——

■

Few diplomats are better known in Europe than Algernon Dougherty—a son, by the way, of the famous "Silver-tongued Dougherty," of Philadelphia—who has rounded out a quarter of a century in various Legations from Mexico City to Rome. From the depth of his experience he drew up the other night a statement of the relative cost of life in the capitals of Europe. It is well worth preserving for the use of wayfaring Americans.

In the first place, then, as Mark Twain discovered, the cheapest city in Europe is Vienna. Everything is cheap except cabs, and they are cheap enough if you ride in the street cars. Next to Vienna comes Brussels, then Paris, and London. Of all European cities, Madrid is the dearest.

Interesting, too, are Mr. Dougherty's estimates of the annual expenditure for food in the different countries. Thus the Englishman spends $48 a year, the Frenchman $47, the German—and he eats very well—$42, the Spaniard $35, the Italian $24, the Austrian $22, and the Russian, who looks upon white bread as a fantastic if not sinful luxury, $18. Of course one cannot live by bread alone, and the expense of being alive in Europe is singularly complicated by taxes, rent and water rates. In Paris the most serious complication is that absurd aristocrat, the concierge. The American editor is but a pale reflex of this tyrant of the apartment house. There is only one concierge in Paris who does not "have trouble," as he would say, with his tenants: he is the concierge of the cemetery at Père-la Chaise. One of the rules of the concierge is that, while one may ride up in the elevator, one must not ride down. It was Mr. Dougherty who broke down this rule in a house in the Rue de Matignon. He started down and the concierge stopped the elevator.

"It is forbidden."

"By whom?"

"The proprietor forbids it," said the concierge.

Mr. Dougherty drew himself up—wrapped himself in the American flag, as it were—and said:

"Tell your proprietor that I forbid him to forbid me anything!" and rode on down.

And now, even the timid maiden ladies on the sixth floor play with that elevator as though it were a tame cat.

■

The trial at Rennes—have no fear: I have not a word to say of the affair—reminded one of an international newspaper conference. After it was over all the correspondents flocked to Paris, and for a few days or so the boulevard looked like a section of Park Row. American journalists swarmed everywhere. Between café and café I met Julian Ralph, Harry J. W. Dam and Theodore Stanton, Mrs. Bispham, of Philadelphia, and Teresa Dean, the only newspaper women who were present during that historic trial, came bringing photographic spoil of all sorts. Of the American artists, perhaps the most conspicuous was Homer Davenport—but he is conspicuous anywhere. He drew a few pictures and vanished into the South of France, where he had heard there was a wonderful breed of pheasants. "It's all very well to love your art," he said, "but I draw pictures in order to be able to buy pheasants."

He sailed the other day for his farm in New Jersey with fifty birds in crates and his pockets full of pheasants' eggs.

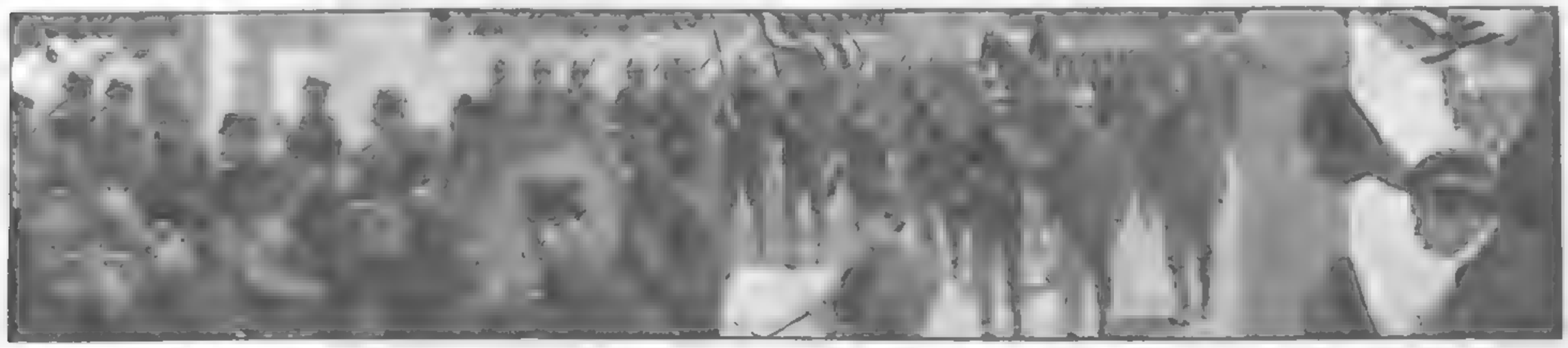
The New York Herald was represented at Rennes by Marcel Prévost. I met him just after the verdict had been announced. Every one was buzzing. "Dreyfus has been found guilty—with extenuating circumstances!"

"What do you suppose the extenuating circumstances are?" I asked.

"I daresay his innocence," said Prévost.

It was the Dreyfus case in a nutshell.

—*Vance Thompson.*



When the Northern Bands *played* DIXIE

An Incident of the DEWEY *Parade*

By Frank L. Stanton

THERE was something that was misty—like a tear drop—in my eye,
When the Northern bands played Dixie as Southern troops marched by
Ten thousand voices cheering shook the windows of the sky,
When the Northern bands played Dixie as Southern troops marched by!

I've heard it on our battle-fields where Lee has led the way
And the Federal guns were gleaming at breasts that wore the gray,
It stirred the ranks of "Stonewall"—but now, from land to land
They cheer it when they hear it come ringing from the band!

And well-a-day, my Captain! and ne'er turn down your hat
To hide the tear that answered a stirring tune like that
A soldier is a soldier; but, in the light of God,
No tune has ever thrilled me like that—on Northern sod!

It's one great country, brethren; there's not a barrier wall,
The flag our fathers fought for is streaming over all!
No North—no South, save only a green dividing line
Arched by a cloudless heaven where stars of Freedom shine.

Then let the bands send Dixie in music on the gales,
While Yankee Doodle echoes in flowery Southern vales
And well-a-day, my Captain, and ne'er turn down your hat,
For Dixie's in the North now, and we shout Hurrah for that!

Memories of an Old SHOWMAN
From the Notes of W.C.Coup
Edited by Forrest Crissey
FREAKS AND FAKES OF THE CIRCUS

NO saying attributed to P. T Barnum has been more widely quoted than the remark that "the public likes to be humbugged Certainly this comment on the credulity of the masses opens up a most curious and entertaining field, and its mention in a company of old showmen is sure to provoke a flood of reminiscences on the subject of fakes, freaks and fakers. There is scarcely another line of experience concerning which veteran showmen more enjoy comparing notes—possibly because it touches on the secrets of the craft. Though it is true that Mr. Barnum was a master in the science of humbugging the public, and did not disclaim that distinction, it must be said in justice to him that in the course of his long professional career he gave the people more for their money than any other showman, living or dead

A little inside information on this hidden side of the showman's business can hardly fail to be entertaining to a public which has often experienced the pleasure of being humbugged. Very likely the reader will recall many old friends, so to speak, among the freaks and fakes which I have thought worthy of a place in this article

Certainly no fake is entitled to take precedence over the celebrated "Cardiff Giant." This was the invention of a certain George Hull. He lived, I think, at Binghamton New York, and manufactured the giant in a rude shop on the small farm which he worked. Hull was shrewd, energetic and very persistent, as may be seen by the fact that the elaboration of the idea of his fake and its execution occupied him more than four years. He thought the whole matter out, even to the most minute details, before beginning work on it Without any knowledge of the art of sculpture or the science of anatomy, he set himself resolutely at work to remedy these defects of education. He had considerable aptitude with the chisel, and gradually developed the skill necessary to hew out a figure that was to be put before the public as a relic of an age so remote that no person would be likely closely to criticise its proportions. Hull also knew that, in no matter what the age in which his giant was supposed to have lived, the "remains" must show pores in the skin to pass the scrutiny of even the unlearned. The making of the pores required more time and labor than all the other work of making the "Cardiff Giant." The work occupied many months, and was all performed in the "studio" or shop where it was at last finished to Hull's satisfaction

THE BURIAL AND RESURRECTION OF THE "CARDIFF GIANT"

Preparations were then made for the giant's burial in order that when brought to public view it might show the proper evidence of antiquity. It was buried in the side of a hill only a few rods from the outbuilding, where it had been chiseled from a huge block of stone taken from that very hill. In all this work, huge and heavy as the uncut stone and the giant hewn out of it were, Hull had only the assistance of one man, a sled and a yoke of oxen in moving them This helper was a green and stolid German immigrant, utterly devoid of curiosity, and the man who helped to bury the giant was another of the same description

The statue was allowed to remain more than two years in the ground before its maker considered it to be in proper condition for "accidental" discovery. Hull then promptly "discovered" and dug out the "petrification," and placed it on public view to amaze and perplex people generally and to delight the antiquarians, who found it an argument to uphold some of their most cherished theories. It took its name from the fact that near the spot where it was buried and resurrected was a small hamlet called Cardiff. The public career of the "Cardiff Giant" was not of long continuance, however, but was sufficiently lengthy to enable Mr. Hull to make considerable money out of his clever conception. He declared, however, that he might have made much more money if he had accepted Mr. Barnum's offer made at the time of the giant's first appearance in public. Mr. Hull knew, too that exposure was bound to come in the end, but that mattered not to him. For many years thereafter the "Cardiff Giant reposed neglected in the very shop in which it was made; but its owner and inventor averred that he was entirely content with the financial result of his ingenuity

The year 1884 is a memorable one in the annals of circus history, and circus men remember it as the "White Elephant Year." For many years persistent attempts had been made by enterprising showmen to secure for exhibition purposes a sacred white elephant. Schemes by the score had been discussed in the confidential councils of the showmen in winter quarters, with a view to faking a black elephant into a white one, but without satisfactory results. In the winter of 1883, however, it was given out by Mr. Barnum's manager that he had positively succeeded in purchasing from the King of Siam a sacred white elephant. The press was splendidly "worked" in advance, and the sacred white elephant monopolized the gossip of circus circles.

THE RIVAL WHITE ELEPHANTS

A great rivalry had for some years existed between Mr Barnum and a Philadelphia circus man, and the public was greatly surprised, just before the opening of the season, to find that, according to newspaper report, the latter also had quietly and unostentatiously imported a sacred white elephant known as the "Light of Asia," which, from the descriptions of the few favored scribes who had seen it, was a marvel of beauty and color. Rumors also were circulated that Barnum's white elephant was not genuine, but only a diseased or leprous elephant with a "blaze" of cream color down its trunk, and discolored or spotted legs, while the Philadelphia showman's animal was of snowy whiteness, without spot or blemish. Public sentiment ran high, especially in Philadelphia, where the shows were to exhibit simultaneously. While public opinion was divided as to the genuineness of these "sacred" animals, it may be well to say that the Barnum animal was as good a specimen of the genuine white elephant as could be procured, while the Philadelphia elephant, pretty as a picture and superbly snow white in color, was supposed to be a lively "fake."

While on exhibition, this "Light of Asia" was almost entirely covered with a black velvet-spangled cloth, and the trunk had been manipulated in such a way that visitors could touch it, and as no coloring matter came off on their hands I presume that part of the body had in some way been "sized" or enameled

HOW THE "LIGHT OF ASIA" EMBARRASSED THE LECTURER

During the performance the white elephant would be introduced and stripped of its velvet trappings on the elevated stage between the two rings while a learned "professor" descanted eloquently on opposition in general and the genuineness of this white elephant in particular. So well was this part of the program carried out that popular opinion was at least equally divided regarding the genuineness of the competing white elephants. Long afterward the "lecturer" told me that this white elephant, having learned to recognize and like him, would endeavor to salute him by rubbing up against him after the manner of elephants. Had the animal succeeded, the effect would have been to leave white marks on the black coat of the lecturer, who had all he could do to continue his lecture and at the same time dodge the friendly advance of the white elephant. About the middle of the season, after getting all the benefit they could out of the white elephant war, Barnum and his rival came to an amicable understanding, and divided territory with each other, and the "Light of Asia" was withdrawn

The following winter it was given out that the animal had taken cold and had died in Philadelphia, but there are plenty of showmen who aver that the animal is as lively and healthy as ever, though wearing black instead of chalky white. A somewhat significant fact regarding this fake was that during the previous summer its owners had been annoyed on arrival in various towns to find an opposition sideshow, with its canvas already up. It belonged to an Englishman whose sole attraction was a yellow horse. No one had ever heard of a yellow horse before, and the farmers for miles around came in and eagerly paid ten cents to see this wonder. The animal was not particularly beautiful, but was certainly a bright yellow, as were also the hands of his master. In fact, there was no doubt but that its owner had rubbed the animal well with yellow ochre. The proprietor of the "Light of Asia" paid the show a visit and laughed heartily at the deception. After looking at the horse a little while, he remarked to its owner: "Well, if you can turn a gray horse yellow, you should be able to turn an elephant white." What happened afterward I am unable to say, but, singular to relate, the following spring, when the "Light of Asia" was "imported," a special trainer was brought with it from Siam who gave the animal his exclusive care and attention. This trainer was an Englishman, and many of the circus attachés thought they had seen the man exhibiting the yellow horse

In 1883, while passing down the Bowery in New York, I heard my name loudly shouted. Turning around I met an English showman who was just then managing one of the many dime museums then established in that thoroughfare

"Come inside, Mr. Coup," said he, "and I will show you my latest."

"Your latest what?" said I.

"Fake," he answered. "These freaks want too much money, and are nearly played out, anyway, so I'm making fresh ones now."

THE WILD CAVE-DWELLER OF KENTUCKY

The place was packed with people, and an enormous banner on the outside depicted a savage-looking wild man He was described as having been captured in the caves of Kentucky. I followed my acquaintance upstairs, and in due time, after a preliminary lecture, a door was thrown open, disclosing what looked like a prison cell, in which, chained to an iron grating, stood a man closely resembling the one represented in the picture. His skin was of a tawny yellow, his body was covered with hair, and he ravenously snapped at and ate the lumps of raw beef which an attendant threw to him

I cannot say that it was a pleasant sight, but from its effect on the spectators it was undoubtedly a satisfactory one, and as the door closed on it I said to my acquaintance:

"Where did you get him?"

He replied, "Why, you know the man well. He traveled with you two seasons. Come inside and talk with him."

He was described as having been captured in the caves of Kentucky

I followed him, and no sooner were we in the cage than the terrible "wild man" held out his hand to me and said, "How do you do, Mr Coup?" The voice was strangely familiar. I scrutinized the fellow's features and recognized in him a Russian who had been exhibited in our sideshow as a "hairy man." He had allowed his skin to be dyed yellow and his whiskers and hair black, and, for a consideration of about four times his usual salary, was now posing as a wild man. He afterward went West and continued this mode of exhibition for several months, until he was played out in that capacity, whereupon a few warm baths enabled him to resume his former employment as "Ivanovitch, the hairy man."

Another celebrated fake which met with success in the East was the "dog-faced man." The Englishman before spoken of engaged a variety performer who was an adept at imitating the barking of dogs. The manager had in his possession an old photograph of "Jo-Jo, the dog-faced boy," and was resolved to place a good imitation of this freak before the American public. He accordingly had made a very expensive wig which covered completely the head, face and shoulders Dressing the man in the garb of a Russian peasant, he advertised him as "Nicolai Jacobi, the Russian dog-faced man." So good was the disguise that they exhibited an entire week at a Jersey City museum, deceiving even the astute proprietor. Next they went to Boston, where they played to the most phenomenal business on record. The proprietor of the museum had a very clever cartoonist in his employ, and as the Englishman and his dog faced friend walked from the station to the museum they saw nothing but pictures of dog-faced men. In front of the museum, in a large cage was one of the fiercest wildcats they had ever seen, labeled,

"The pet of the dog-faced man."

They played, as I have said, to phenomenal business. For two weeks thousands of persons daily struggled for the

Editor's Note Of America's great pioneer showmen, William Cameron Coup is entitled to rank second only to Phineas T. Barnum, with whom he was intimately associated for many years. During his life he took copious notes of all matters relating to the circus, and from these notes Mr. Forrest Crissey has drawn six papers, giving an inside view of the circus and its machinery.

privilege of paying ten cents to see this amusing fake. At the end of that time one of the employees betrayed the secret to a reporter and the attraction was rendered valueless. Strange to relate, the success of this "fake" was the means of bringing from Europe the original dog faced boy "Jo-Jo," who for several years drew a good salary at the various dime museums, but never created so much excitement by virtue of his genuineness as the "fake" did

THE TWO-HEADED GIRL'S THREE-HEADED RIVAL

Millie Christine, the "two-headed nightingale," had been exhibiting in New York City, and public attention was chilled, shortly afterward, to the fact that a lady with three perfect heads would be exhibited on a certain day. Now, this strange being was really an optical illusion, built on the same lines as the ghost show invented by Professor Pepper. Three girls were used, and all portions of their figures not intended to be shown were covered with a black cloth. The whole illusion is merely an effect of light and shade.

Still another "fake" that not only "drew" well but positively deceived the whole New York press, was the Dahomey Giant." About 1882 a very tall specimen of the African race walked into an Eastern museum looking for work. He was actually over seven feet in height, and had never been on exhibition. Knowing that his value as a negro giant would be but little, the proprietors resolved to introduce him as a monster wild African. After consulting Rev. J. G. Woods' Illustrated History of the Uncivilized Races, it was determined to make a Dahomey of the tall North Carolinian. A theatrical costumer was set to work to make him a picturesque garb. A spurious cablegram was issued, purporting to be from Farini, of London, stating that the Dahomey giant had sailed with his interpreter from London and would arrive in Boston on or about a certain date.

The man, with his interpreter, was then taken by train to Boston, from which city they, in due time, wired the museum proprietor of their arrival. That telegram was answered by another telling them to take the first Fall River boat for New York City. The press was then notified, and the representatives of five New York papers were actually sent to the pier the following morning to interview the distinguished stranger from Dahomey. The man had been well schooled, and pretending not to know a word of the English language, could not, of course, converse with the reporters. But his interpreter managed to fill them up very comfortably. At all events, long and interesting accounts of the "snuff colored giant from Dahomey" appeared in most of the dailies, and for several weeks this Dahomey was the stellar attraction at that particular dime museum. The advent of summer and its consequent circus season closing the city museums, the Dahomey "joined out" with a side-show in which, for successive seasons he posed as a Dahomey giant, a Maori from New Zealand, an Australian aborigine and a Kaffir. This man's success was the initiative for a score of other negroes, who posed as representatives of any foreign races the side show proprietor wished to exhibit.

MISSING LINKS AND DANCING TURKEYS

Krao, the "missing link," as she was called, was simply a hairy child, and almost exactly like Annie Jones, who was exhibited by Barnum as the "Esau Child." A great card for museums at one time was the "human faced chicken." The first one placed on exhibition was purchased in good faith by an acquaintance of mine, and proved a good attraction. A visiting [illegible], however, declared that it was nothing but an ordinary chicken which had had its bill frozen off, and so it proved.

Dancing turkeys were then introduced and caused great amusement. The awkward birds would walk on to the exhibition stage and go through a decidedly grotesque dance, their mode of lifting their feet being highly laughable. The truth was that the stage on which they danced was a piece of sheet-iron covered with a cloth. The iron was heated to an uncomfortable degree by gas jets underneath. What the public accepted as dancing was really the efforts made by the birds to prevent their feet from being burned.

THE SALARIES PAID TO DIVERS FREAKS

The spread of the dime museum craze created a great demand for freaks and a consequent rise in their salaries. I know I am violating no confidence when I say that at various times the following freaks have drawn weekly the sums set opposite their names:

"La Tocci Twins,"	$1000
"Millie Christine"	[illegible]
"Wild Man of Borneo"	[illegible]
"Chang, the Chinese Giant,"	400
"Chemah the Chinese Dwarf"	[illegible]
Ordinary giants and midgets,	[illegible]
Bearded ladies	[illegible]
Living skeletons,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible] to [illegible]

And as an offset to the above figures, I have heard of a tattooed man who would talk outside, exhibit himself inside, do a turn of magic, lift barrels of water with his teeth, and, as boss canvasman, superintend the putting up and pulling down of the show, all for six dollars a week. He must have been first cousin to the man who traveled with the circus simply to be able to sit on the fence and hear the band play.

It will doubtless seem incredible to the person unused to the society of freaks that these unfortunates should take a seeming pride in their distinguishing misfortunes and be jealous of their reputations; this, however, is one of the strongest traits of the typical freak. In our show at one time we carried two giants, a Captain Benhein, a Frenchman, and Colonel Goshin, an Arabian. These two fellows were almost insanely jealous of each other, and it was ludicrous to hear the threats which they exchanged; many times it seemed that a personal encounter was imminent, but the Arabian's courage seemed in inverse proportion to his size.

THE LOVE-MAKING AND MERRYMAKING OF THE FREAKS

Referring to Goshin as an Arabian brings to light a curious fact with regard to freaks of great size. He was not an Arabian, but a negro picked up by "Yank Robinson" in Kentucky. So confirmed is the habit of speaking of him as an Arabian that it has become second nature with me, and I think that this tendency is almost universal with showmen, they become so accustomed to enlarging on the fictitious characters for which their freaks are played that I sometimes think they almost get to believe these stories themselves.

Among the freaks the women were almost universally jealous of their professional reputations. Hannah Battersbey, who

DRAWN BY GUSTAVE VERBECK

MAKING THE SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT

weighed more than four hundred pounds, recognized Kate Heathley as her particular rival, and either of these women could be instantly thrown into a jealous passion at the mention of the other's claim to superiority in the matter of weight. The strange alliances which sometimes took place in the freak world are well illustrated by the marriage of the weighty Hannah to a living skeleton who touched the scales at sixty-five pounds.

Before leaving the subject of freaks I must mention the strangest sight that it was ever my fortune to look upon in the course of a life spent in association with human novelties. Early in my career I was fortunate enough to secure the show rights for a fair in Montgomery, Alabama, which was held just at the end of the Northern show season. This circumstance resulted in bringing to the fair a most unusual number of small shows, the main attractions of which were freaks of every kind and color. My royalties were very large, and I was naturally expected to do something handsome by the people who had contributed to this success; consequently I gave a dinner to the "freaks," and that banquet table presented a scene probably unrivaled in history. I only wish I were able to give anything approaching an adequate description of that festal board. At the head of the table was the towering figure of an eight foot giant, while at the other extremity of the board sat a thirty-six-inch dwarf. The jests which were handed between the banqueters are worthy a place in a history of wit. A single instance, however, will give an idea of the peculiar terms with which these people enlivened the occasion. As the "Armless Man" helped himself to potatoes, the "Bearded Lady" opposite him called out, "Hands off!" and the whole company shouted with laughter.

The famous "Australian Children," who made several fortunes for their exhibitors, came from Circleville, Ohio, and were the children of a mulatto. Occasionally the showman met with distressing but amusing experiences resulting from the identification of his freaks on the part of the public.

THE EXPOSURE OF THE "AZTEC CHILDREN"

While I was absent from my show my manager once engaged two boys with heads little larger than teacups; one of them had a club foot and had some little claim to intelligence. Our people had painted them to look like savages, and they were exhibited as the "Aztec Children." One day when the lecturer was expatiating upon these remarkable children a burly countryman shouted:

"Hello, John Evans, I know you; I worked in the harvest field with you many a day, oh, you can't fool me."

The "Aztec child" had been taught to make no reply to anything said to him, and the lecturer paid no attention to anything said to the countryman's interruption, but the countryman was not to be put down, and once more he shouted:

"Say, Bill Evans, maybe you think I don't know that club foot; just come off, now."

The audience was greatly amused at this, and the lecturer saw that he had plenty of trouble on hand, consequently he called the countryman aside and told him that he was certainly mistaken as to the identity of the freak. "Oh, no, I ain't," replied the obdurate fellow; "and what is more, you and your whole shebang are frauds and humbugs."

Then the lecturer took another tack, gave the countryman five dollars, and thought the incident closed, but it was not, for the fellow proceeded to spend his money on whisky and tell his friends of his discovery, with the result that the business at that point was ruined.

From the viewpoint of the showmen there are "fakers" and "fakirs." Under the former head we class the men who conceive and manufacture fakes of the kind already described. The fakirs are altogether of a different kind, being the camp-followers who hang on the heels of a circus for the purpose of swindling the public by every variety of device known to the "blackleg fraternity."

Frequently a number of illegitimate shows start out, and, before doing so, announce that faking privileges are to be leased. The leaders of the various gangs make the arrangements with the circus proprietors, depositing a sum of money in the ticket wagon with which to "square squeals," then the tribe of showmen and fakirs start out on their nefarious pilgrimages, the shows furnishing the transportation for the fakirs. One of the fakirs in connection with each show is selected as the "squarer." He is generally a member of various secret societies and orders, and his particular duty is to bribe the petty officers of the towns visited, to secure immunity from arrest. Lottery schemes, gambling games of every sort, pocket-picking and robbing are among the methods by which these fakirs reap their harvest.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A CIRCUS SHARP

My life has been frequently threatened and twice attempted because of my persistent determination to drive this thieving fraternity from my shows. One day in a small Western town a man introduced himself to me as the brother of a very respectable Chicagoan and explained that he was on his way to Texas to join in certain speculations. I at once suspected him of being a fakir and gave orders to the manager of the side show to get rid of him and all his kind.

A little later the landlord came to me and said, "Mr Coup, there is a fellow out here who says he will shoot you on sight; he is one of the men traveling with you." On investigation I found that he was not the man who had introduced himself to me, but was one of the gang attempting to work the show; he bore a desperate reputation, and was popularly credited with having killed several men; all of my employees stood in fear of him, and I concluded to appeal to the Mayor of the town for necessary protection and assistance. Before doing so, however, I put on a heavy ulster, in each side-pocket of which I placed a loaded six shooter. With a finger on the trigger of each revolver I started out to find the Mayor. While crossing the public square I met the man who had threatened to shoot me. Stopping squarely in front of him I said: "I believe you have threatened and intend to kill me, and I want to say to you that you will never find a better opportunity to do so than right now." He proposed to argue the question with me, but I simply insisted that he should leave town at once. The outlaw began a tirade of abuse, and remarked that he was a Southern man. "Well," I answered, "if you wish to bring that question into the argument, I am a Northern man, and you may tell this to all of your tribe." That ended the matter, and he left town that afternoon; but if he had not known that I had two six shooters pointed directly at him, I would probably not have been left to tell the tale.

In my battles against the fakirs I have universally relied upon the strong arms of my husky "canvasmen," and more than once I have armed them with clubs concealed under their coats, with the result that the fakirs were driven from the field with broken arms and noses. It is a lamentable fact that not a few of the wealthiest showmen in this country have swelled their fortunes by the "rake-off" from the despicable gains of these blacklegs and tricksters.

A DASH FOR THE BORDER

By N. A. JENNINGS

EDWARD MURRAY—"Smiling Ed" his companions called him—was the youngest locomotive engineer in Mexico, ten years ago, when he worked on the Mexican International Railroad, which stretched at that time from El Ciudad Porfirio Diaz (formerly Piedras Negras, on the Rio Grande), to Torreon, on the southwestern border of Coahuila, where it connected with the Mexican Central.

Ed had been familiar with the inside of locomotive cabs ever since he could remember, for his father was an engineer, and had taken little Ed on many a run with him before the youngster could speak plainly. The boy knew all about reversing levers, sand-valve levers, brake valves, injector supply pipes, and a thousand other mysteriously named parts of the anatomy of the iron horse, long before he had mastered the First Reader. So, being a lusty young fellow, broad of shoulder and with hardened muscles, at the age of sixteen he was accepted as a fireman on the Mexican International. He smilingly informed the official to whom he made his application that he was twenty-one years old, and he looked it.

So well did he perform the familiar duties of fireman, and so thorough was his knowledge of every part of the huge engines—so quick was he to detect what was wrong when a locomotive was out of sorts, that he received his promotion early, and at eighteen years of age was made an engineer, with a fireman many years his senior under him in the cab.

For months he ran his engine to the high satisfaction of the company, and was fast gaining a reputation as one of the most careful and trustworthy men on the road—when the accident happened. Not only did he win the golden opinions of the road's officers, but he became a prime favorite with the men, for he was a high-spirited, handsome young fellow, always full of life and fun.

One day Ed was getting ready to pull a freight train out of Monclova, a big town a hundred and forty-eight miles from Piedras Negras, and which was the capital of Coahuila and Texas when they formed one State. He had "coaled up," and was running his engine on a siding when an old woman attempted to cross the track ahead of it. Ed saw that she had plenty of time to get over, but, to his horror, she stumbled and fell across one of the rails when the engine was within thirty feet of her. The young engineer reversed the lever and put on the brakes, but he was a second too late, and the great wheels crushed over her body, killing her instantly. Many persons witnessed the accident, and at once there was a great outcry and much excitement. Ed saw the people coming from every direction, and he knew what to expect at their hands.

The conditions under which the American railway engineers worked in Mexico at that time were peculiar. Despite the frequent assurances of friendship and esteem made by representatives of the Mexican Government to the representatives of the United States when they met in diplomatic circles, the relations between the people of Mexico and the American railroad men were never amicable. The preference shown in the employment of the hated "Gringos" on the railroads was resented bitterly by the Mexicans, and they sought, upon every opportunity, to make the lives of the engineers and firemen miserable. If an engineer was so unfortunate as to run his locomotive over some person, no matter how good his defense might be, he was arrested as soon as he could be caught, thrown into a filthy, vermin-infested cell—they were all such in Mexico—and there kept for months awaiting his trial. If in the end he escaped with his life he was most fortunate. As a general thing, he was taken out after a farce of a trial and shot by a squad of barefooted, cotton-clad soldiers. So well was it understood what they had to expect that the engineers, as soon as such an accident occurred, invariably made the most strenuous efforts to escape without a moment's loss of time to the United States.

Ed knew all this well, and his mind was made up in a second. He turned to his fireman, a negro who was to make the run as an "extra," the regular fireman being on the sick list, and said: "Run up to the tank and take water as quick as you can. Then hustle her back to the station and wait for me. Remember, wait for me, or I never know."

With these words he jumped from his [illegible] and ran as fast as he could for the station. He darted up the stairs to the telegraph office, explained in a breath what had happened, and asked the operator to wire ahead for a clear track. Even before he had finished speaking, the operator was pounding the key with a nervous energy that showed he was fully alive to the emergency. The demand for a clear track went clicking over the wires to the North, and then Ed turned his attention to the door.

Men were heard coming up the stairs. There was not a moment to lose. The young engineer slammed the door shut, locked it, and shoved a heavy table against it. Then he ran to a window and looked out. Hundreds of people had gathered about the station, and their number was constantly increasing. The engine which he had sent to the water-tank was backing down to the station. Ed took in the situation at a glance. He saw that the police and soldiers had surrounded the station so as to cut off his escape. He must act quickly and boldly.

The engine stopped opposite the window where he stood. He turned for a moment to the busy operator, shouted, "*Adios*, old man!" suddenly threw up the window and sprang out. It was fifteen feet to the platform, but he landed safely. Another bound and he was in the cab of his engine and had pulled the lever back to the last notch. Then, as the engine gave a leap forward, he and the fireman dropped to the floor of the cab and lay there. There was a volley from the soldiers and policemen, and flying fragments of glass from the windows fell on the two men. The cab was riddled with bullets, and the glass front of the steam gauge was shattered, but no other damage was done. In another ten seconds they were out of range, and the locomotive was skimming over the rails at the rate of a mile a minute, the bell swinging and shaking with the jumping of the engine and ringing out a frenzied warning to clear the way for liberty!

Faster and faster flew the engine. Ed, with his eyes resting steadily on the track ahead and his hands grasping the lever with nervous intensity, was balancing himself on the engineer's seat; the negro fireman, his black skin wet and glistening, was reeling like a drunken man as he stood on the iron apron between the engine and the tender and threw fresh fuel into the furnace. Not a word was spoken by either of the men. Their thoughts were in that loved country so far away to the north, and to reach which they had started in a race against all Mexico. They were only two men against a nation; but the steed they rode had sinews of steel and muscles of iron, the racing-track was clear to the finish, and, best of all, they had a big start.

But had they? Ed's heart, which had begun to beat with normal regularity, suddenly seemed to stand still and then to be climbing up into his throat to choke him. What if the authorities should telegraph ahead to throw a switch and side track the engine, or even to wreck it? As this thought came into his head the young engineer reversed with a suddenness that nearly threw him and the fireman out of the cab. The moment that the locomotive was at a standstill he caught up a wrench and sprang to the ground. He ran to a telegraph pole, pulled off his shoes, and shinned up it like a monkey. With the wrench he twisted the wire until he broke it, and then slid to the ground again. In another minute the engine was once more tearing along the rails for the North.

It was down grade now, and the great machine was going at lightning speed. Past groups of wondering, open-mouthed and wide-eyed natives; past little stations and villages; past side-tracked trains, whose crews guessed what was the matter and waved their hands as they wished their fleeing comrades a fervent God-speed, the engine tore along. It shot like a meteor through the town of Baroteran, and as it flew over the switches there it swayed from side to side as though it must leave the track. The sand box was shaken off and left behind. The bell clanged madly; everything movable in the cab was jostled out, and the oil cans and tools were scattered far and wide.

The men held on for their lives. Their faces were set and stern, and in their eyes was that wild, almost insane light which is rare save on a battle-field or in times of intense excitement. The exhilaration which comes to brave men when they are in extreme peril and are fighting for their lives was theirs. A fierce, savage joy was in their hearts, and they yelled defiance at the wondering groups of people as they passed them by.

Every second decreased the distance to their goal. At Baroteran Ed looked at his watch; they had come fifty-nine miles in just one hour! A quarter of an hour more and they were sixteen miles nearer to liberty, and were dashing through the coal-mining town of Sabinas. And now that city was left far behind and the engine was sweeping around short curves in the mountains, now flying along at the edge of a cañon, now shrieking through a cut or roaring over a bridge. Not for a moment was the speed slackened.

No one could know better than they what fearful chances they were taking, but they knew also that to delay at all was even more dangerous than to go on. They knew that the broken wire would be discovered and mended, and that they would be captured if they did not reach the Rio Grande before this was done. It was far better, they thought, to risk death on the rail than to be thrown into a dungeon, to linger there, without trial, perhaps for months, and in the end be shot as they stood by open coffins.

But now a new trouble and a closer peril than any other that had gone before was upon them. The engine, which had been under such a terrible strain for so long, began to run less smoothly. The journals were nearly red hot, and getting hotter with every revolution of the wheels. The boxes of the tender were all afire. There was no time to cool them. There was no oil in the cab. Ed knew that he could not keep it up much longer at the pace which he had set. Something must give way soon. Strong and perfect as was the machinery, there was a limit to the strain which might be put upon it. What was he to do?

They were approaching the little station of Leona now, and as Ed looked ahead he saw a north-bound freight train side-tracked and waiting for him to pass. His mind was made up in an instant. He slowed up his quivering engine and stopped. He had brought it one hundred and six miles over a rough road, full of sharp curves and heavy grades, in one hour and fifty three minutes, nearly a mile a minute for the entire distance!

For him and the fireman to leave the engine and tell the conductor and engineer of the freight train of their peril was the work of a very few minutes. The conductor was equal to the occasion. He quickly broke one of the leaden seals on the door of a box car, and the fugitives clambered in. The door was closed and the seal skillfully put on again. Then Ed's engine was side tracked, the fire was drawn, and the train pulled out for Piedras Negras.

When the train reached Allende, nine miles farther on, it was stopped and at once surrounded by soldiers. The telegraph wires had been mended, and the officers had learned that the escaping engineer had left his engine at Leona. They said that they must search the train. The conductor professed ignorance of the whereabouts of the fugitives, but the soldiers went through the caboose, looked under and between the cars, and even took the cover off the water-tank and looked in there, for once before an engineer had escaped by riding in the tank on a tender, up to his neck in the water.

Then they said they must search the cars. The conductor protested strongly against them breaking the seals, but while he was arguing with them he slyly signaled to his alert engineer to go ahead. Before the Mexican officers could determine what to do, the conductor had swung on to the caboose and the train was rattling away. The next station was Nava, and there the train was stopped again by a squad of soldiers who were drawn up across the track. They, too, searched the caboose and engine, and wanted

He said something was the matter with the engine

to go through the cars. But this time the conductor did not pull away from them. They listened to his protest against breaking the sacred seals, and then gravely informed him that they would ride on his train until it reached Piedras Negras, where, they had no doubt, the question would be quickly settled.

With Piedras Negras only twenty-four miles away, and the tops of the cars covered with soldiers, it looked very much as though poor Ed and his fireman had made their long run for liberty in vain. Still, the conductor did not give up all hope of saving the runaways. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and he had a clear track ahead of him, but he made up his mind to take as long a time as possible to get to Piedras Negras, in the hope that when darkness came on the two men could get away without being seen. He gave his engineer orders to delay the train as much as he could

Two or three miles were covered and then the train stopped. The engineer said that something was wrong with his locomotive. He put in a good hour trying to fix the mythical break, and then said that he would have to run very slowly to get to Piedras Negras at all. The sun went down and darkness came on rapidly, as it always does in that region of short twilights, but the soldiers were vigilant, and by some strange chance were nearly all on the very car in which the men they hunted were concealed

There was no chance for the conductor to communicate with Ed or the fireman, and he knew that they themselves would not think of escaping from the car, even if they could open the door, which was impossible. It seemed as if all chance for them was gone, and it was with a heavy heart that the conductor rolled with his train into Fuente, a little station only four and a half miles from Piedras Negras. Here, however, the very chance for which he had waited came. A telegram was handed to the officer in command of the soldiers, and when he read it he ordered his men off the train. Then he told the conductor to hurry on to Piedras Negras, as the authorities there were awaiting him

The locomotive started off at once at a suspiciously rapid rate considering its disabled condition, and the train was soon out of sight Then it stopped; the two men were released and told to hide in the brush until late, and then to go quietly to the railroad bridge at Piedras Negras, where they would be met by friends who would see them safely over the river to Texas

When the train arrived at Piedras Negras there were two hundred Mexicans on hand to meet it, and the cars were opened and searched in short order. The engineer and conductor crossed the river to Eagle Pass and quietly gathered together some good men who could be depended upon in times of emergency. These men—there were ten of them—armed themselves and stole singly and by twos over to Mexico. They concealed themselves near the railroad bridge and waited. The Mexican officers were on the alert, and were stationed all along the river bank and at the bridge.

It was about two o'clock in the morning when Ed and the negro fireman stole softly up to the bridge and started to cross it. In a second the officers were on them, and in another the ten Texans were there, too, with their six shooters in their hands. There was no shooting but the Mexicans dropped their prisoners and beat a hasty retreat for reinforcements. When they got them and returned, the fugitives were safe in United States territory.

When Ed reached the Texas end of the bridge he took a long breath and filled his lungs with good old Lone Star air. "Thank God!" was all he said, and as he said it there went up a startling amen in the shape of a genuine Texas yell from the throats of the ten men who were good in an emergency.

Ed never went on Mexican soil again, and the last I heard of him he was an engineer on the International and Great Northern Railroad, in Texas

THE FATE OF POOR RUTHERFORD

By JOE LINCOLN

THE Retired Ship Masters' Club, of Orham, Cape Cod, was holding its regular evening meeting at the post-office. The organization is an entirely informal one, and its sessions are over as soon as the mail is sorted and ready for delivery. On this occasion there happened to be a stranger present, the skipper of a trading schooner hailing from Boston. This personage had developed into a fluent and magnificent prevaricator. No tale was so wonderful but that he had one more astonishing still.

The subject under discussion had been the intelligence shown by various pets formerly owned by the old salts there present, said pets ranging from rat-terriers and pigs to a mongoos and an ant-eater. The stranger had capped the climax by telling of a pet boa constrictor—"bore constructor" he called it—which he had owned while on a voyage up the Amazon, after rubber. This self-sacrificing reptile, Ben, by name, had saved his master's vessel from destruction at the cost of his own life in the following sensational manner:

They riddled the cab with bullets

The schooner was moored to the pier when a tremendous storm arose which threatened dire devastation. The cables parted, and the frail bark was about to be dashed against a sunken tree, when Ben, perceiving the danger, wrapped his tail around the capstan and, throwing the rest of his body overboard, took a turn with it around a stump on shore, making himself a living hawser. This veracious narrative terminated with Ben's death from the effects of his experience, he being stretched from a length of thirty feet to seventy-two and one half feet

Silence reigned for some minutes when the stranger had concluded, every one, apparently, trying to swallow his share of the yarn. Then Captain Josiah Doane spoke as follows:

"That was a wonderful snake er yourn, Cap'n, I don't deny. I know how bad yer muster felt when he died, 'cause I felt the same way when I lost my pet turtle. He was a tremenjous knowin' critter. I'll tell yer bout him.

"I was on a v'yage ter Calcutta in the bark Briar Rose. We'd been out 'bout forty days when we see two big loggerhead turtles asleep on the top er the water. Turtles is mighty good eatin', and so we h.sted out a boat and went after 'em. One er 'em we had ter kill with a ax, but t'other one was only stunned, and when he was got up on deck he come ter life ag'in. We had enough turtle meat fer quite a spell so we didn't need ter kill him right off, and purty soon I wouldn't 'a' killed him fer no money, he got ter be such a pet. We named him Rutherford, after Rutherford B. Hayes, who was President then

"Well, sir, yer never se a dumb critter so attached ter a human bein' as that turtle was ter me. He'd set side er me on a hot day and fan me with his flipper. And nights he used ter put his head over the ridge er the companion-way and sing me ter sleep."

"What! sing yer ter sleep, Cap'n?" cried the stranger, in surprise. "Why, turtles can't sing!"

"Can't, hey?" said Captain Doane. "Guess yer ain't much up in turtle learnin'. Yer read your Bible and see what it says 'bout the voice er the turtle bein' heard in the land. Well, as I was sayin', I loved that turtle like a brother, and when the Briar Rose sprung a leak and I see we'd have ter abandon her I wa'n't goin' ter leave Rutherford behind ter perish."

"Perish! Why, wa'n't he a sea-turtle?"

"'Course he was! Did yer think he was a hummin' bird?"

"But, Cap'n——"

"Oh, don't interrupt me. Well, when the men found Rutherford was goin' ter be took they mutinied and went off with the boats, leavin me and Rutherford and the first mate on board. The mate and me rigged a raft, and the three er us got on it jest as the poor old Briar Rose went down.

"We didn't have no grub ter speak er, and what we had we eat up soon. We was lucky enough ter have plenty er water with us, but pretty soon we was starvin'. Then the mate, he says ter me, says he, 'I hate ter do it, Cap'n, but we'll have ter kill Rutherford and eat him.'

"I wouldn't hear er it, and we went on fer a couple er days more Then the mate he went at me ag'in, till finally I says—

"'Well,' I says, 'I s'pose it'll have ter be; only don't let me see yer kill him,' I says, 'fer I couldn't bear it.'

"Jest then we heard a kind er sob, and, turnin' round, we see Rutherford standin' on the ridge er the raft with the tears runnin' down his face. He'd heard every word, and, would yer b'lieve it, that critter understood!

"Well, sir, 'twas pitiful! He looked at me so sad fer a minute, *so* reproachful, and then he flung up his flippers and jumped overboard. Yes, sir! that poor heart-broken critter committed suicide—drowned hisself 'cause I was so ongrateful as ter think er eatin' him."

Captain Doane finished his recital and wiped his eyes. The skipper of the trading schooner regarded him for some moments with a most puzzled expression; then he said:

"He *drowned* hisself, yer say, Cap'n?"

"Yep."

"Well, wa'n't he a reg'lar salt water turtle?"

"Sartin."

"Lived in the sea always, didn't he?"

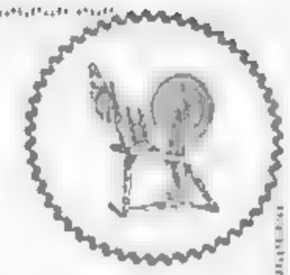
"Sure; did yer think he lived in a tree, or a swell front house?"

"Well, but—why, I say—but—confound it, fellers—why——!"

He turned to the other old salts near him. Not a vestige of expression was on their wooden countenances. He gazed at the assembly for a few moments, scratched his head, muttered something about "seein' if the mail was ready," and departed.

And then Captain Josiah Doane treated the members of the Retired Ship-Masters' Club to a most portentous wink.

A Letter to "The Linen Store"



is treated with as great consideration as its author would be if present. Every facility of the store is at its command

Perhaps a letter is vague because its author is perplexed; the reply will then be as helpfully suggestive as the experience of skilled salesmen can make it

Perhaps a letter expresses the wish to see a variety of goods of a certain sort; the goods will be sent if the writer is known to us, or gives sufficient references.

Note these three foundation facts concerning the "Linen Store"

First, a linen fabric to us means every thread pure linen.

Second, a complete stock to us means one which shows greater variety than any other store on the continent.

Third, just prices mean to us prices that are just alike to purchaser and merchant.

A Hint of Qualities and Values is found in a fine Dinner Napkin, 27 inches square, made in several beautiful designs by that prince of Irish manufacturers, John S. Brown. We will send a dozen to any address on receipt of $5.00 with full privilege of exchange or money refunded if the goods are, for any reason, unsatisfactory.

JAMES McCUTCHEON & CO.

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Ladies' Gold Watch $27

Thin model, small in size. Dial very accurately marked, gold Louis XIV hands Full jeweled, fine nickel movements. Case made by hand, highly finished for monograms

The best and most beautiful watch for the price ever produced.

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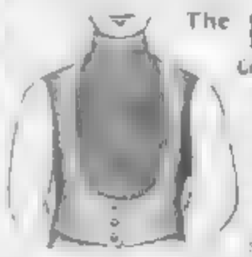

The Lloyd Muffler

Cotton, 25 cts; Worsted, 50 cts.

Pony Rigs

For Snowy Weather

Single and Two Seat

WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week

A Sorry Story Well Told*

ANY one who feels obstinately cheerful, and who seeks to lower his unruly spirits to that point of melancholy which is deemed "reflective" in these gray days, cannot do better than read On Trial. The book is far too well written to fail in its mission; it is warranted to depress the most buoyant, unless, indeed, the reader has courage to stand squarely up to battle and reject once and forever this dismal philosophy

The story is short and simple. A country girl steals fifteen pounds to buy the discharge of her lover, who, having enlisted, is afraid to fight. Detection follows swiftly, and the lad, returning home, finds his sweetheart cast out from her father's house and ostracized by the whole village. Too cowardly to stand by her in her disgrace or to confess that it was his own piteous letter which drove her to the crime, he plays a base and miserable part, half conscious all the time of his own meanness, half furious that Phœbe's foolish love should have dragged him into this snare The point insisted upon by the author, and apparently recognized by those who share Dan Pigott's secret, is his helplessness to extricate himself. Circumstances and the inherent weakness of his soul hold him in thrall. He cannot, even if he will, utter the one word which would break his bands and make of him a man. "There be they that have a say in their own lives, and there be they that have none," observes Silas Trustgore, the hostler, grimly; and this unjustifiable conclusion is the keynote of the book. Nothing but death can save Dan Pigott from himself, and so, in the last chapter, the accidental discharge of a gun solves the forlorn problem

All this would make but sorry reading were it not for the masterly manner in which the villagers are sketched and for the homely humor of their speech. "There iddn't a doubt," muses an old farmhand meditatively, "that a woman's faults lie hard on a man's comfort"; and the reverse of the medal may be observed in the doubts which assail the soul of Mary Ann Worts when on the perilous brink of matrimony. "I take it," she explains luckily, "that us be all sinners more or less; wan falls here and t'other there; but when it comes to living wi' an evil-doer for the rest of your life you chooses him thoughtful." Grimmer and grayer still is the aspect in which the world presents itself to the hunchbacked woman Sarah Emmet, who for years has "straightened" all the village dead. "People be getting more pernickety about dying," she grumbles, "now that doctors' stuff be cheaper. Lor', in my poor mother's time 'twor kill or cure, and folks knowed it and did their part. They would come under her hands wonderful unconcarned, her being layer-out in their days same ez I be now 'Twor the suiting o' the mind to the circumstances that helped 'em droo, a natur not easy come by in these here spendthrift days."

The brilliant young author of Averages complains justly that too many women novelists are striving just now to "shame God with the inconsistencies of His world." On Trial has this radical defect to mar its excellence. All the characters carp more or less at their Creator, and Silas Trustgore, while luring poor Dan deeper and deeper into the mire, holds the Lord to be distinctly accountable for the result. "I uses 'ee for my own juppusses, that's w'at I does," he says to his miserable victim; "and if 'ee valls to pieces in my hands that be your Maker's fault, not mine." 'Tis a pleasant process, no doubt, this shifting of personal responsibility, but we may well question its practical value. It adds nothing to the dignity of life, and nothing but an unworthy fretfulness to fiction. —*Agnes Repplier.*

The Story of a Useful Life†

JOHN M. FORBES was essentially a modern man, though his active career began in the earlier half of the century, and he had become a large figure in the mercantile life of the country before the era of the Civil War—an era more fruitful of changed conditions than any happening since the Colonies threw off the British yoke in 1776. Mr. Forbes is best remembered as a railroad man. It was in the construction of railroads that he made his great fortune, one of the notable fortunes of America, and probably the greatest of any ever made in New England. The fortune, however, was not made in New England. It was made to a very great extent in the construction and the development of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad System and the growth of the Western country, which owes an incalculable debt to the enterprise and the patient foresight of New England men.

In his earlier life Mr. Forbes had a great prejudice against railroad shares as an investment, and we find him positively instructing his partners in Boston not to invest any of his savings in such enterprises But he spent thirty of the best and busiest years of his life in railroad construction and management. He got into this business rather by accident than by design; but being in it he worked, as was characteristic of him, with might and main, and never gave over his active endeavors until the system in which he was interested had become a great and a permanent institution. There were times when, if called upon to settle up on his ventures, Mr. Forbes would have had to sacrifice everything that he had; and it is likely indeed that had not the Bessemer process of making cheap steel been perfected he never would have pulled through; nor for that matter would many other railroad builders As a railroad man he was essentially a constructor and a developer, and from his efforts only good results came. His money was therefore clean money, and there was never a reproach on a dollar of it

It was, however, as a citizen that Mr. Forbes shone out with the brightness of a diamond without flaw. He never wanted office, never wanted reward. It was pure love of country that inspired him to work with all the energies of a marvelous strength, first to prevent the Civil War, then to win a victory for the Union, and later to bind up the wounds of fratricidal strife so that there should be a healthy growth for the future. This probably was the most active, the most anxious, and the busiest period of his long life of eighty-five years. He was consulted and advised with by Mr. Lincoln and the members of his Cabinet, and Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts, relied on him as he did on almost no one else. Here was advice worth having. It came from a head that was as clear as the sun in a cloudless sky, and it was prompted by a heart that had not in it a single selfish desire or self-seeking motive.

These letters and recollections of Mr. Forbes should be read carefully. They have in them messages of hope for those who would be optimistic and never give over trying to make the world a better place to live in and life itself gentler and purer. Of him Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote: "I said never was such force, good meaning, good sense, good action combined with such domestic lovely behavior, such modesty and persistent preference for others. . . . And I think this is a good country that can bear such a creature as he is."—*Jno. Gilmer Speed.*

A Woman's View of Porto Rico*

SINCE the proprietary attention of Americans was first focused on the late colonies of Spain, these island possessions have been the subject of many volumes—some valuable, some worthless, some profound—but of none more readable and entertaining than Miss Margherita Arlina Hamm's unpretentious little book on Porto Rico. It is not remarkable that Miss Hamm—a trained newspaper woman of wide experience—should write interestingly of a region in which not one American in a hundred has set foot; but it seems noteworthy that she should find so much to tell us that has eluded the small army of writers that invaded the oblong island at the heels of General Miles

Miss Hamm has viewed Porto Rico and its people—even as she viewed Cuba and the Philippines—with a woman's eyes, and we are grateful to her for the painstaking way in which she has told us a thousand little things that no man would have thought worth the writing. We like to know, for instance, the complex etiquette of the Porto Rican finger bowl, with its two napkins and three tooth picks, its slice of lemon and glass of scented mouthwash, we are frankly interested in the odd little beast whose young ones draw their sustenance from her hind legs while she scutters up a tree or rocky cliff; and we find more real pleasure in reading recipes for strange tropical omelets than we could derive from whole volumes of the most truthful statistics ever printed.

It would be unfair, however, to give the impression that the author touches upon matters of no greater moment than those just referred to; on the contrary, she devotes chapters to the geography, history, government, commerce and industries of the island, besides picturing its social life and giving valuable hints to prospective tourists and sightseers. In fine, she has compressed a vast deal of information into a small space, and has tinctured it all with humor and good nature. —*F. S. Bigelow.*

Coney Island Prose Fancies*

THE Mickey Finn Idyls, by Ernest Jarrold, are so good that 'tis a pity that they are not better. Idyls many of them are and delightful reading some of them make. Mickey is a very human, lovable little Irish boy—in spots large spots at that, but too often Mickey, the boy, is lost in Ernest Jarrold, the professional humorist, and then the result, while provocative of laughter, shatters the idyl

The opening chapter is a charming little sketch, redolent of the woods and full of human nature, and the chapter entitled The Romance of a Blanket is full of a rough poetry, and ought to be true, if it isn't; but in The Census Mr Jarrold has yielded to the desire to make newspaper fun, and then probability has taken to itself wings, leaving a residuum which, though good "comic copy," is grievous to the judicious.

This lack of restraint is observable in many of the thirty sketches that make up the book. Park Row jokes demolish the fabric of the "Coney Island" prose fancies, and we wonder whether Mr. Jarrold wants us to pay him the compliment of believing in his characters or merely to laugh at his undoubted humor.

"While rummaging in the trunk many were the relics of days gone by which she brought to light. . . . A little paper package contained a lock of hair cut from the head of Mickey's little brother before they robed him in his winding sheet and bore him away to Montrepose cemetery. Her eyes became humid when she gazed upon the memento, and her voice was tenderness itself as she exclaimed: 'Och, och, me own little darlin'! If ye warn't dead ye'd be alive now, an' I would be the happy woman. But God's will be done.'"

This is Bridget, the affectionate Irishwoman, Mickey's mother, who is speaking. But in The Census Mr. Jarrold yields to temptation and puts these words into her mouth: "Arruh, good day to ye, Mrs. O'Brien. Here's a gintleman as is takin' me pedigree an' puttin' it in a little buke fur to be showin' the President av Amerika, while he'll be sittin' in his goold chair wid a nagur to be keepin' the flies aff him." Now Mrs. Finn never thought of saying those words at all. They smell of Printing House Square

Sowhen, in The Chapter of History, Mickey tells his admiring relatives that in the early history of this country "the big chief Tecumsey stepped out, wid a war club in his hand like a stick av cordwood, . . . an' while he was poundin' on his chist like a bass drum he shouted so loud that Jack Brady heerd him in the grocery store. . . . And to make Clancy feel worse Tecumsey began recitin some poethry, for he was a great poet entirely, an' ye'll see his verses in the schoolbooks. Says he:

Fee, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood av an Irishman,'"

you feel that you have been imposed upon, and that if ignorant, childlike little Mickey did say that, Ernest Jarrold taught it to him "after school hours."

But there is much that is sincere in the book, notably the love of nature and the little thumbnail landscapes that are scattered throughout its pages; and as the sketches were written primarily to amuse, and as they do amuse, we suppose that most persons will say, "What's the odds, so long as you're happy?" —*Charles Battell Loomis.*

NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

Garland as a Delsartist.—It was at a recent convention of Delsartists in New York that a number of physical culturists were talking about authors, educators and artists

"My favorite," said Miss [illegible], "is Hamlin Garland. He punctuates his lectures and readings with a natural grace which gives us pointers for our business. I attended an informal affair given by a New York society woman to Mr. Garland about six years ago. He was asked to tell some of his experiences on the plains. He favored the guests, and during his talk he stopped nervously every little while and looked at a friend of mine and myself and then went on in rather an embarrassed manner. This was particularly noticeable in his description of riding and lassoing broncbos.

"After the lecture he came up to us and said: 'No doubt your interest in me and my humble adventures affected you so that you became enthusiastic. But to be frank, it disconcerted me, and if it is not too much to ask, will you tell me what you were doing with your arms raised high when I was in the midst of my best stories of the plains?'

"'Oh! I don't mind, Mr. Garland,' said my friend; 'I was sketching your poses. They were so good for strengthening and beautifying the muscles. See, here I have them, and I shall give them in the school to-morrow

"'Thanks,' said Mr. Garland; 'I pity the scholars, but perhaps I have made a place in history for the beautiful bronchos.'"

Mr. Steevens' Hopes Realized.—George W. Steevens, the author and war correspondent, is now a farmer by profession. His journalistic and literary efforts come second to agriculture, cattle raising and gardening He has a fine estate in Surrey, England, and has won a local fame by his poultry, pigs and vegetables. He is literally a man with the hoe, and when he is not traveling in foreign countries or with the British Army in the field, he is giving his personal attention to his estate

"When I was a boy," said Steevens to an American friend not long ago, "I made a vow Now, I may not have lived up to all my ideals, and there are probably many men who can do what I have done better than myself, but I've kept this vow, and I have realized to the full extent this youthful ambition."

"What was the vow?" asked his friend

"I determined that I'd be an author and a green grocer. And I'm both."

How Zangwill Beat a Bully.—When he was a boy, Israel Zangwill, the author and playwright, was the same thin, long haired, spectacled person that he is to-day, only then it took more courage to be eccentric in appearance than it does now. Twenty five years ago Mr. Zangwill was a pupil in the Jewish Free School, Bell Lane, Spitalfields, London His singular face and still odder manner led the older and larger boys to make a butt of him. For the first few months he was cuffed and boxed, bullied and kicked by a number of playful youths, but especially by the bully of the school—a broad-shouldered, noisy young ruffian

One day, after school, Zangwill attracted not only the attention of the school children but of the neighborhood as well by turning on his persecutor and replying to him in kind. When the bully recovered from his amazement he threw off his coat and hat and made a rush at the lad. Zangwill was ready for him. He had laid down his books and doubled up his angular fists. Inside of five minutes he had knocked down the bully three times, and two minutes later he had him suing for pardon and begging to be let up.

From that day until he went to college he was severely let alone, and it was not until years after that the secret of his victory became known. During all the period of his persecution Zangwill had been taking boxing lessons privately of a prize fighter and he did not offer battle until he was reasonably sure of the result

During his visit to America Mr. Zangwill wrote, lectured and superintended the productions of his play, The Children of the Ghetto. The rehearsals were under the sole direction of James A. Hearne, the player-author, but the novelist was a constant attendant. He never, however, interfered with the stage work. He made all the suggestions he had to make to the stage manager, and contented himself with sitting on a property chair at the edge of the stage, nervously running his fingers through his hair as is his custom. Personally Mr. Zangwill is affability itself. He is a charming talker

*On Trial. By Zack. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

†Letters and Recollections of John Murray Forbes. Edited by his daughter, Sarah Forbes Hughes. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co*

*Porto Rico and the West Indies. By Margherita Arlina Hamm. *F. Tennyson Neely.*

*Mickey Finn Idyls. By Ernest Jarrold. *The Doubleday & McClure Company.*

YOUNG BLOOD—Stephen Crane

By KENNETH HERFORD

MR. CRANE AT HIS DESK

ON A WINTER afternoon about six years ago a boy of twenty-two lolled upon a divan in the New York studio of an artist friend. While the artist painted, the boy read the stories in the current number of an American magazine. Finishing the last, he tossed the periodical aside, and, picking up a guitar, twanged the strings idly. He was thinking.

"Huh!" he exclaimed disgustedly.

"What's the matter, Steve?" asked the artist, turning from his easel.

"I've just read a battle story in that magazine," was the reply, "and I was thinking I could write a better one myself."

"Why don't you, then?" The artist dabbed a little spot of paint on his canvas and stepped back to observe the effect.

The boy was silent for a moment, then suddenly he exclaimed, "By jove! I believe I will. Good-by." And he was off.

The artist did not see his friend again for more than a year, and then he was asked to a reception "to meet Mr. Crane."

The boy went directly home—to his little hall bedroom on an obscure street off Broadway. As the crisp air cut his cheeks he seemed to see the first glow of a roseate future dawning for him. He thought of his college days at Syracuse, and how a certain professor said to him once, "Crane, you'll never amount to anything. Why don't you let up on writing and pay a little more attention to conic sections?" But he had been unable to, so had left the college. His father, the rector of a little church over in New Jersey, had not looked with favor upon his son's going to New York to enter upon a career of journalism, but when he learned the determination behind the desire he offered Stephen five dollars a week for such a time as he might need more than his writing would bring him. As the boy unlocked the door of his little hall bedroom he remembered that the last five dollars from home had gone to pay the rent.

Sitting down at his writing-table, he took up a soft lead pencil, sharpened it, and wrote the first sentence of his battle story—that was to be better than the one he had read in the magazine.

The first paragraph written, he read it over three times, then pushed the sheet away from him to think. The result of that moment's hesitation was that the next morning he searched through a friend's library until he found a history of the Civil War. In the book he ran across a chapter having to do with the battle of Chancellorsville. The weather of the day was noted, also the topography of the country and the positions occupied by the troops. "That will do," said Crane, and, returning to his hall bedroom again, he began work in earnest.

He was not discouraged by the fact that he did not know a musket from a repeating rifle. He thought of what a musket ought to look like. He had never heard a volley fired, but he imagined what the noise would resemble; he had never seen a man stopped by a bullet, but he was sure a man thus struck would fall a certain way, then writhe a certain way. So the boy wrote about another boy, a farmer's son, in battle for the first time, and analyzed his every thought and emotion as he heard the rattle of musketry and saw his comrades fall around him. He asked old soldiers concerning their own emotions in battle. But apparently they had had none. So, failing thus to learn at first hand, the boy imagined. Finally the story worked out to an end. The words were counted. There were fifty-five thousand of them. That amount of writing had been accomplished in nine days.

The boy spent his last five cents for carfare to the office of one of the largest magazines in New York.

"What you got, Crane?" asked the editor.

"A novel—battle story. Call it The Red Badge of Courage. Fifty-five thousand words."

The editor contracted his brows. "Pretty unlikely, but leave it," he said.

After a month's waiting the story was refused. "It won't do," said the editor.

During that month the boy had lived on less than the parental five dollars a week. The sketches he had peddled among the newspapers had not gone very well. There had been a rush of news and no space for "specials." Then the manuscript was taken to the editor of a certain newspaper syndicate. It was read a second time. "Cut it down to eighteen thousand words and we'll take it at five dollars a column" was the verdict. Ninety dollars for nine days work! Ten dollars a day! Crane could hardly realize the sum in all its immensity.

He cut the book down to the required length. The syndicate sold the abridgment, as a serial, to papers all over the country. It proved one of the most successful stories the company had ever offered. Crane was tendered a position, writing regularly for the syndicate.

Meanwhile the story as printed had been examined by a New York publisher. A letter was sent the author asking permission to reissue it, this time between covers. It was the original story of fifty-five thousand words that was published in book form. No one bought the book until a copy had been sent to England. A great critic wrote a review of it that awoke London to its worth. Crane

MR. CRANE'S HOUSE AT BREDE

was advised by his American publisher to sell the English rights for twenty pounds. He did. The book jumped into fourteen editions in England. America detected the note of approval. Twenty-three editions were reached in a few months.

A book by Crane which had been issued some time before over the *nom de guerre* of Johnston Smith, entitled Maggie: A Girl of the Streets, was now republished, this time with the publisher's imprint, which at the last moment in the first instance timidity had forced him to withdraw from the title-page. In the interim had come out a tiny book of poems called The Black Riders, all the lines written, polished and posted within a space of three days. Devoid of rhyme, lacking rhythm, the "lines" were eagerly pounced upon by the newspaper parodists. They constituted a source of endless copy all tinged with the green shade of ridicule. That was here in America, Stephen Crane's own country. In England they were accepted seriously—in the spirit of their gift.

But the paragraphers in America resuscitated The Black Riders. Jibes flew thick and fast. The only word of encouragement and appreciation came from England. Stephen Crane went to London. As a personality he was taken up. From that day to this his popularity has increased with the months. He was sent to report the Greek War for the Pall Mall Gazette. By the London Times and the New York World he was dispatched to Cuba to report our Spanish War. His success in both instances is too well known for comment to be necessary.

Returning to England, a book entitled Pictures of War was issued. Then came The Open Boat, detailing Crane's experience "in an earless tub of a thing" hundreds of miles off the coast of Cuba.

For the past five months stories of war have appeared in the magazines over the name of Stephen Crane. Active Service, a novel laid against the background of the Greek War, was recently published.

Stephen Crane lives in the famous old manor house of the Oxenbridges, called Brede Place, and located out of Brede, Northiam, Sussex, England. He is seven miles from Rye, the nearest village, and two hours and a half from London, where he seldom goes. The house in which he lives was built in the thirteenth century. It nestles on the side of a hill, covered with ivy and surrounded with flowers. Tea in the side yard is like tea amid the roses of Omar Khayyam. The ancient place is one of the most interesting, historically, in England. There is the chapel, the tower with the haunted chamber, the falconry, and the great dining-hall where the lord of the manor was one day wont to sit above the salt. All underneath the house run passages pierced with "monk holes" where it was the custom to hide the household priests upon the approach of a party of Cromwell's men. And away up under the roof is the gallows where "hanged so many goodly men and true."

For three hundred years there have been no alterations made in the house. The drawing-room is black oak, carved to the ceiling, and throughout the furniture is in keeping, Mrs. Crane having discovered an old man in Sussex who for years has collected ancient bits of furniture and sold them off again with no appreciation of their value or their beauty.

The dining-room with its great fireplace, thirteen feet in width, bordered with stone brought years ago from France, is strewn with rushes to-day just as it was in days gone by, and dinner there is a sort of genii that carries you backward to another age. It is up in a room in the tower that the stories are written. The table is old, very old, and of black oak. The fire-dogs upon the hearth have seen years and years. On the shelves are piled books to the ceiling. It is interesting to note the authors represented.

No one who has visited Stephen Crane in his home can forget the charming hospitality that pervades the old place; the air of freedom and homeliness is everywhere. There are the long rides to Camber Castle and to Rye, with a call upon Henry James if he's at home in Lamb House. Then there is the picnic on the bank of the moat surrounding Bodiam Castle, one of the best-preserved piles in England. A long walk over the arched roads, hard and smooth as the city asphalt, to the little town of Winchelsea, where Ellen Terry lives, offers the artist a new landscape at every turn of varied, changing beauty. Then home again, with night coming on, and the doves softly cooing in the trees that surround the ghostly house—to your room maybe in the "pint pot," where you throw wide out the swinging windows with their tiny diamond panes, and look beyond upon the serene beauty of the Sussex hills and dells in moonlight! The tinkle of the sheep bells is brought faintly to your ears, and the gentle sighing of the owls.

One of the greatest critics in England has said this: "I think that Stephen Crane is the only writing man in this country who has an aim. That aim is the painting of the common man. Master of a technique and power equaled by no other writer of my knowledge, I consider him the English-speaking Tolstoi."

And all this because Stephen Crane is a common man himself—or boy.

You think of him as such as you look out into the moonlight from the room you are occupying as his guest. You can realize the mind that dwells behind the youthful face. Maybe the astonishing intensity and depth of the eyes give you the cue, maybe they do not.

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The SHOW HORSE

By A. H. Godfrey

AT THIS time little else is discussed in New York save the conformation and action of prize-winners and champions. For the fifteenth annual season the Horse Show throws open its doors to all the varied forms demanded by utility and pleasure.

This enthusiasm is not difficult to account for. The metropolitan exhibition is but the culmination of half a hundred suburban affairs that have taken place during the summer season, and its ever-increasing popularity serves but to accentuate the fact that the modern horse show has achieved the dignity of an established institution of vast commercial importance, and that, aside from its recognition as an enjoyable function combining instruction and amusement, it is accepted as an indispensable medium for promoting all that is "good form" in equestrian matters, and as giving incalculable encouragement to the horse-breeding industry.

Of the numerous features which lend piquancy and zest to the function, the parades of prize-winners and the championship competitions may be regarded as appealing most directly to spectators. Though judges' decisions in the regular classes may elicit salvos of applause, and afford more or less satisfaction to those interested in the fortunate exhibits, these classes are but preliminary steps, so to speak, leading up to the championships about which general interest centres, and to the parades of prize-winners which are the only occasions when the public is afforded opportunity to review and compare a collection of horses of approved types. It is at such times that the judges' selections can be more closely scrutinized than when shown in overcrowded classes where confusion often operates against a deserving entry being given exhaustive attention, and especially is it during the championship contests that spectators are given to expressing, in unmistakable terms, their approval of or disagreement with the decisions of the officials.

TYPE OF A CHAMPION SADDLE HORSE

Sentiment, of course, often sways the crowd and renders it liable to error, and few of those most prone to dissent ever appreciate the fact that judges are, as a rule, chosen because of their known natural aptitude for quickly distinguishing between good and indifferent specimens of the type or breed of horse which their education and experience render them thoroughly conversant with. The public, too, is moved by prejudice, based upon inability—through lack of study of the subject—to distinguish between those beauties of proportion which indicate usefulness and fitness, and qualities such as ultra-stylish action and deportment, fashionable color, etc., which are more or less superficial and transient. Again, popular opinion is frequently formed after a few moments' contemplation of a horse at rest, whose elegance of form and gracefulness of attitude predispose the public in its favor, and the moment such a horse begins to move quickly it is proclaimed the popular choice.

HOW THE WINNERS ARE PICKED

While the public may rejoice in the delusion that expressions of approval or the contrary have an influence upon the judges, as a matter of fact they have little or no bearing upon the decisions of competent officials. While the latter are naturally guided by their taste and innate perception of what is beautiful, elegant and graceful, they must, in order to be just, have a higher regard for true proportion and harmony of the parts of a horse according to its type.

Thus we reach the classification as adopted by promoters of the modern horse show, and the deeper we delve into the study of the proportions and lines of symmetry in the various types of horses, the higher we appreciate the necessity for separate departments for the thoroughbred, the trotter, the hackney, the coach horse, the saddle-hack, the hunter, the cavalry horse, the roadster, the high-stepping harness horse in its various sizes and forms, as adapted to two and four wheeled vehicles, the pony as adapted to saddle and harness and children's use, or to the inspiriting game of polo.

Each of these departments has its standard of type and proportion based upon certain established and demonstrated rules, and so the degree of perfection reached by the heavy draught horse in its department can be as certainly determined as that of the most costly thoroughbred. That judges differ in the opinions they render does not disturb the established rules, but only goes to prove the necessity which exists for show authorities to confine their appointments to true connoisseurs who are able not only to distinguish beauties of proportion that please the eye, but also those which signify vigor, energy and the perfect adaptation of the horse selected to a specific purpose.

THE AIMS OF MODERN BREEDING

Confining this purview to those departments of the modern horse show in which championship contests occur, we must start by accepting as fact that many of the characteristics of the horse bred for racing purposes—the thoroughbred—are regarded as the basis of much that is estimable in the horse of sport, pleasure and utility of the present day, whether the horse of our choice be of the trotter, hackney, coaching, high-stepping, saddle or hunter type.

It is in the perfect specimen of the thoroughbred—and I do not include the undersized, overtrained, abnormally developed racing machine in this category—that we see a distinction of physiognomy and an expression given to it by eyes at once kindly yet fearless that bespeak a dominance of moral perfection over the physical instincts which compels our unqualified admiration. The proud carriage, the commanding presence, the courageous aspect all have their influence upon us, and when we feel the silky hair, the smooth skin and delicately modeled bones, note the veins and muscles more or less prominent according to development; and then proceed to examine the lengthy neck, the sloping shoulders, the roomy barrel, the fine wither, the strong loin, the powerful and lengthy hind quarters, the well-proportioned arms, the short, flat bones below the knees and hocks, the tendons standing out back of those bones like ropes of steel, the free and smooth articulation of the joints, and the sound and symmetrically formed feet, we are forced to the conclusion that here is a basis noble enough on which to found a multitude of equine types.

These are the attributes which horsemen generally have in mind when they speak of thoroughbred conformation, quality, courage, etc., and according as colder-blooded horses of pleasure and utility possess these attributes with more or less of the endurance, staying power and speed of the developed thoroughbred, so are they valued.

It is this incorporation of the points of the thoroughbred in the make-up of colder-blooded horses that gives rise to the great difference of opinion which exists in regard to horses in general. The majority of horsemen have inherited or have developed a love for the race-horse, and have either ridden warm-blooded horses to hounds, or at any rate have enjoyed the canter of a saddle horse

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST'S Thanksgiving Number

(DOUBLE NUMBER)

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OUR NEW PROSPERITY

We all know that these are "good times," that business is brisk, that as a nation our pockets are full of money, and we have much to be thankful for; but few of us realize what a wonderful year in our commercial history this has been.

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, Assistant Secretary of the National Treasury, tells entertainingly the story of our prosperity, and with facts, figures and diagrams shows what we have to show for our year's work.

By FRANK A. VANDERLIP

The Hunter

Mr. Chambers' heroine is one of the sweetest and most lovable he has ever drawn; and in this fine, subtle love-story of out-door life she is in exquisite harmony with all of the beautiful scenes the author describes so well.

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

An Electrical Transaction

This is a timely tale of the South-African Cable, interesting in that it shows the ease with which war news can be manufactured and the stock market turned upside down.

By ROBERT BARR

By EDWIN MARKHAM

The Lyric Seer

Mr. Markham's latest poem.

By JOHN LUTHER LONG

A Song of Joy

By JOE LINCOLN

Old Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving at Crawfish Bayou

One of Mrs. Stuart's pictures of life in the far South. Strong in story interest, and brimming over with kindly humor.

By RUTH McENERY STUART

Lincoln as Candidate and President

In this paper Colonel A. K. McClure, the veteran editor, friend and political ally of President Lincoln, gives his personal recollections of Mr. Lincoln's Presidential campaign, and tells some characteristic anecdotes illustrative of his greatness and his sterling Americanism.

By COLONEL A. K. McCLURE

A Splendid Christmas Present

No more appropriate or acceptable gift can be selected than a year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and we have arranged a peculiarly graceful way of presenting it. To those for whom subscriptions are thus ordered, we will announce the gift by means of a very beautiful Christmas card, stating that we have been directed by the donor, whose name will be given on the card, to enter the recipient's name upon our list for a year, as a holiday remembrance. Unless otherwise requested, the first copy mailed upon such orders will be the issue of December 23, which will be delivered in a sealed envelope, simultaneously with the card.

Earn Your Own Christmas Money

Thousands of the young people who will read THE SATURDAY EVENING POST this week are wondering whether there is not some plan by which they can earn their own Christmas money. There is a certain pleasure and feeling of independence which comes of spending one's "own money," which is not experienced in spending that which is given by others, no matter how willingly.

The POST has a plan by which this can be done. Any boy or girl, or for that matter any of the older ones, willing to do a little work during leisure hours for a few days can earn the money necessary to buy the presents which it is desired to give during the coming holiday season, and we will help in carrying out the plan. A letter addressed to the POST Circulation Bureau will bring the necessary information.

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fairly well bred. These are all predisposed to adopt the thoroughbred horse as their standard, and they naturally render decisions accordingly. Other horsemen incline to horses of the harness type, the advocates of which claim to have produced certain well-defined characteristics without the use of thoroughbred blood. These take as their standard a horse of substance—a blocky type, with a shorter stride and higher action than the thoroughbred, and so it is not surprising that they render opinions at variance with those advanced by lovers of the thoroughbred.

It is part of the mission of the modern horse show to adjust these differences of opinion, and while the Utopian era in which all horsemen will agree is yet far off, the classification laid down is appreciated as accomplishing much toward the desired end.

THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN TROTTER

In the trotter we see a type that, founded on a combination of the thoroughbred and native strains, has, within the past century, been brought to the highest degree of excellence by careful selection and training for sport and pleasure. This is a horse of distinctive character and a ranginess all its own, somewhat resembling the developed thoroughbred in the matter of length and weight, and with the hind quarter so formed as to indicate the propulsion of the body with great velocity. Taught to trot at extreme speed, this horse is the personification of nervous energy and courage, yet is exceedingly tractable, and, aside from its preëminence on the race-course, has a world-wide reputation as an ideal roadster in light harness. Within the last five or six years this type of horse has extended its sphere of usefulness, and is to-day recognized as a factor in the heavy-harness horse-market. Mature specimens, principally of the male sex, have been trained to step high attached to heavy vehicles, and have so far caught the popular fancy that they have wholly eclipsed all foreign breeds in the heavy-harness sections of our modern horse show. These, of course, are not a distinct type, as despite the changed conditions under which they appear, their original trotting characteristics are plainly discernible under the heavy harness. Nevertheless, it is wonderful that, notwithstanding they are lighter in body and higher on the leg than the imported hackney whose place they have taken, these picked specimens, trained originally for speed on the track, have won championship after championship as heavy-harness horses of approved type, not only in this, their native country, but in many instances have taken first prizes in England, from whence the hackney hails. To be able to fill three departments—namely, those for the trained trotting race-horse, the trained light-harness roadster, and the trained heavy-harness high-stepper, is surely honor sufficient for this great American-bred horse.

TYPE OF CHAMPION HARNESS PAIR

SOME STURDY HACKNEY TYPES

In the hackney is seen the type or breed of horse which, ten years ago, created a furore for the high-stepper here, but which has been produced in England for centuries. Winning in the high-stepping classes for three years after their importation in 1890, the best specimens of this breed harnessed to heavy vehicles showed the perfection of symmetry and all-around high action at a speed suitable for the park and the show ring. The action, observed from front and rear, is true, and the poise is such that each foot strikes the ground in perfect rhythm. The anatomical outline, harmony of form and fine proportions, joined to a most graceful attitude, render the hackney the typical medium-weight carriage horse with bulk sufficient to enable it to draw its load without apparent energy, and with energy sufficient to give it brilliance.

Having indicated the scope and purpose of the heavy-harness horse, the hackney has taken its place as foundation stock, and, crossed with the native trotter, will undoubtedly help to produce a type of horse that will be better adapted to heavy harness in this country than either the trotter or hackney alone could possibly be, inasmuch as the horse of the future must combine the best attributes of both.

MOUNTS FOR HEDGE AND DITCH

Passing to the horses of the saddle and hunter varieties, we revert to the thoroughbred as the foundation stock of all, and here we see the approved qualities of the racer utilized to the full, but in a channel entirely distinct, and in the case of the saddle-hack, modeled into a form far removed from that of its progenitor. Extreme speed and endurance not being called for, the kindly yet fearless expression and courage are retained, with the fine texture of skin and bone, and elasticity of gait. Plastic beauty and purity of outline, along with a roundness of turning, and a top line showing a wither fine enough to insure easy saddle fittings, are all pronounced features, while strong loins and a perfect structure of the underpinning are absolutely necessary. Intelligence and docility are requisites to render the animal amenable to the long course of training necessary to permit of its finished education. The horse's movements must be easy and supple, attitude graceful and walk noble; while the canter, perhaps its most highly prized gait, must be the perfection of grace and smoothness. At Eastern shows the saddle-hack is only tried at the walk, trot and canter, these gaits being deemed most fashionable.

The Canadian and Kentucky bred horses that have been honored with championships have found no difficulty in filling these requirements, but the latter breed are also trained to amble and execute the rack or fox trot, which, so their breeders claim, they do naturally, being descended from horses that were able to adopt these gaits at will. Saddle-hacks, as a class, have improved wonderfully in recent years, so far as exhibits at horse shows are concerned, and in the specimens submitted appear the traits most highly valued.

THE SCARCITY OF HUNTERS

The hunting classes of the modern horse show partake of such slight flavor of the real hunting-field, and the entries in them are so nearly allied to high-jumpers, which come in every imaginable form, that the true connoisseur is attracted by but very few. The rakish outline of the old cross-country campaigner is often wanting, and as for the bloodlike character, the upstanding aspect, the fearless demeanor, and the personification of tremendous strength and endurance necessary to negotiate stiff timber, dense brush, broad stone-wall and broader water, and still get in at "the death," few are the aspirants to show-ring honors that actually possess them. When such a horse is found performing on a tanbark amid the applause of thousands of hand-clapping and shrieking show-goers, who for the most part regard the animal as they would a circus freak, said horse is a veritable wonder if he long continues to carry his master over hedge and ditch without mishap.

That old and tried hunters of the first flight have repeatedly acquitted themselves well in the field and the arena is true, but as a rule the horses that win championships bobbing over poles under the electric lights are schooled for that express purpose, and though some of them may be used, for the want of others as good, in the hunting-field occasionally, they are usually kept busy topping show-ring fences and reserved for that purpose.

That hunters at our shows are divided into three classes, light, medium and heavy weight, and that the form in which they take their jumps is strictly recorded and reckoned upon is also true, yet it cannot be fairly claimed that the horse which bobs over three fences time after time without touching any of them is the best and safest and most reliable hunter for use in the field. Indeed, the whole section was inaugurated as a spectacular feature, and it must ever remain so.

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WHY YOUNG MEN FAIL
Letters from Business Men

NO ARTICLES which THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has published seem to have made a more direct and more positive impression than those under the title, Why Young Men Fail. So general has been the response from the leading business men and managers of the country that it seems necessary for the completeness of the discussion to give some of their comments and criticisms. In the main, these have been extremely favorable to the views printed in the POST. Most of them offer additional suggestions that are valuable, not only to the young men who want to succeed, but to all who are concerned in the problem of success. All these writers are large employers, and most of them are men who have made their own success.

Mr. R. S. Mosely writes from Detroit:

"Mr. Ogden's idea of lack of thoroughness strikes the keynote. The other requirements are desirable, some of them essential, but the knowledge of the expert carried out to success in each department is absolutely necessary in these days of stress and struggle.

"This is the day of 'specialists,' using the term in its highest sense, and the young man of to-day and of the future, if he desires success, must be a specialist, thoroughist, an expert in the life-work he assumes.

"Our educational system, as set forth in the common and high schools, is largely responsible for this lack of thoroughness, as our youths, from the time they commence school to the time they leave, are trained in anything but thoroughness. Too many studies, with but a superficial knowledge of all of them, is the rule, and the students are not impressed at their most impressionable period with the desirability or necessity of knowing thoroughly what they undertake, and the experience here gained dominates them in their after and business life, and in no sense fits them for a business career."

Mr. John C. Dewey writes from New York:

"I do not recall a Jack-of-all-trades who has achieved real success." He indorses Mr. Ogden's contention that the lack of thoroughness is the great cause of failure.

Mr. W. Evans, Jr., writes from St. Louis:

"None of your writers so far has advised a young man to study honest, practical politics as a means of success;" a suggestion that is certainly worth thinking over.

Messrs. E. M. Marble & Company, of Chicago, write:

"We have taken the copy you sent and underscored it with red ink until it looks like a map of a freight yard, and hung it up in our office. The bane of the writer's existence, and the fight of his life, has been to overcome that lack of thoroughness, but he thought it an individual lack, not a universal one."

Mr. George F. Heydt, of New York, writes:

"The article impressed me so favorably that I handed it to Mr. C. L. Tiffany to read. He says the views expressed in the article precisely confirmed his experience in business during the past sixty-two years."

Mr. Robert J. Burdette writes from Pasadena, California:

"The Young Men's Christian Association should make a tract of these papers, and get it into the hands of the thousands of young men who, standing on the first round of the ladder, do not know how to step on the second."

Mr. John E. Davis writes from Detroit:

"You can't make a slow horse walk fast, nor a shiftless young man neat and orderly; yet there are exceptions to all rules.

"I regret to state that there seems to be a lack of ambition on the part of a large percentage of the young men that come under my personal supervision.

"I do not believe that there are to exceed, on an average, over five in a hundred who would be termed students, thinkers and ambitious young men. The tendency seems to be to drift along mechanically; get down at half-past seven in the morning; take an hour for dinner; close at six; draw their pay at the end of the week, and start over again the next week; and continue along in these lines year in and year out.

"Looking back over many years, not only in the institution with which I am connected, but noticing the young men whom I have known for years, many of them maintain the same position to-day that they did five, ten, fifteen, twenty, and, in some cases, thirty years ago. No matter what his position, the average young man thinks that all that is necessary is to keep up his work; that when that is done his responsibility ceases.

"Occasionally you will see a young man who is ambitious, not only to keep up his work, but to keep his eyes open and learn the other fellow's duties, so that when the man above him is sick or indisposed, he is able 'to fall right into his shoes' and accomplish the work necessary. This young man, if he is a thinker and student, in nine cases out of ten will come to the front, and others will wonder how he ever got there.

"It does seem to me, from practical observation, that there is plenty of opportunity. I am a thorough believer that, if a young man has the necessary ability and steam, combined with ambition, it makes no difference whether he is running a peanut stand or a drug store. An employee can get to the front if he puts his goal high, and then works 'tooth and nail' to get there, but he must be a student and a thinker in his business."

Mr. P. O. Bauer writes from Detroit:

"Precept is a most thorough teacher. My tutor in Latin is directly responsible for my work habits. Why is it not feasible to teach so vital a proposition in our public schools, just as we do many things not nearly so precious? If the rising generation could be instilled with a conviction that a 'clock-watcher' is as miserable a specimen of humanity as the whisky-fiend it would be a tremendous step forward."

Mr. Walter H. Cottingham writes from Cleveland, Ohio:

"Many young men of the present day constantly complain that they have not the same opportunities of attaining success as in 'the good old days' of their fathers. I have no sympathy nor patience with such talk, for I am persuaded the advantages and privileges which young men of to-day enjoy, together with the growth of business, all afford greater opportunities for advancement and achievement than ever before.

"When we reflect on the amount of helpful, stimulating and inspiring reading matter that is so ably prepared for the youth these days, pointing out as it does the way to success, we must count this alone as an advantage that is not inconsiderable.

"There's enough good matter printed to-day almost to *compel* a young man to succeed."

Mr. Charles E. Evans writes from Detroit:

"Success in any individual case is not usually brought about by mere advice. It is my opinion that the men who are eminently successful in business usually possess something akin to genius, and without this quality advice is of little avail."

Mr. W. G. Snow writes from Meriden, Connecticut:

"It seems to me that Mr. Ogden should have added that one of the great drawbacks to young men in their business careers is the fact that, although they may be unusually bright and keen in the transaction of their work, they are often afraid of giving their employers a good, bountiful measure of labor in exchange for the salary paid them, even if it does necessitate working overtime and holidays sometimes.

"I have always believed that if a young man of good habits, common sense and fair education would dig in and work not eight or ten hours only, but twelve or fourteen hours at a time if need be, learn all he can of his employer's business from start to finish, and have a reputation for being willing to do anything and everything to further his employer's interest, in the end his labor will be substantially rewarded.

"I think another thing would help many young men in their careers. After the office, store or factory is left for the night, many will not think of business nor take any trouble to secure information to prove of value in their daily work. They should read the trade papers and any books bearing on the lines they happen to handle. An almost unlimited store of information can be secured this way."

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